THE BYSTANDER]
Vol. CVII.—No. 1397]

SEPTEMBER 24, 1930

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"THE TWO GHOSTS": By STELLA BENSON

# the BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 24, 1930

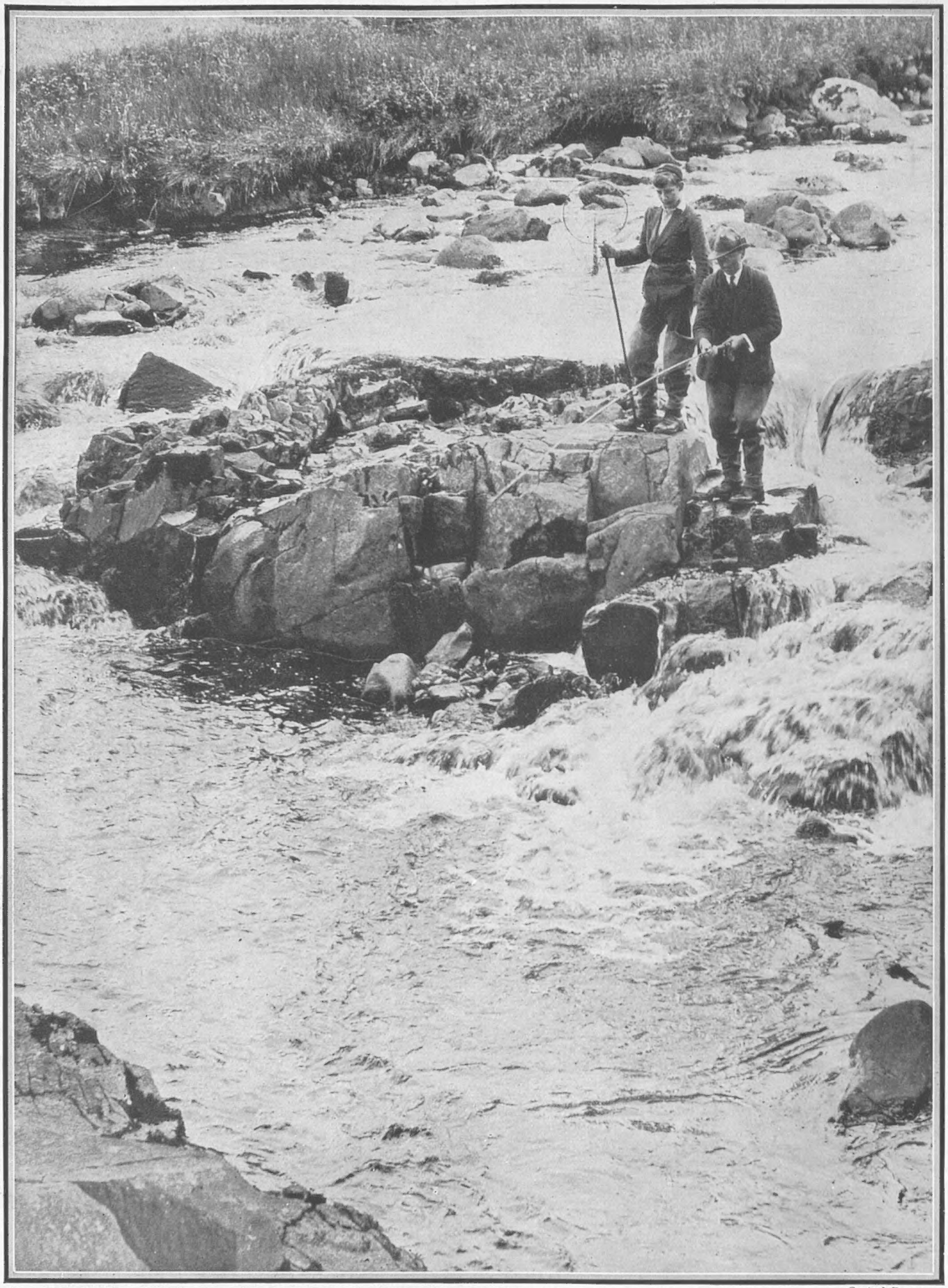
# The BYSTANDER

No. 1397. Vol. CVII

## MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART

*Yevonde*

*The elder daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maude Ramsay, and the cousin of the Marquess of Bute, whose marriage to Viscount Tiverton, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, will take place on October 1 in the Palace Chapel, Falkland. Miss Crichton-Stuart is a Roman Catholic, and her fiancé has recently become one*



Central Press

## "OVER THE SEA TO SKYE"

*Famous in song and history, the Island of Skye, in addition to possessing the best rock climbing in the British Isles, is also a happy hunting ground for the salmon fisher. This picture shows Sheriff W. Ross Garston, of Portree, with his son, Allan, fishing the river at Staffin. Near by is the Quirang, that quaintly shaped mountain which is one of the outstanding features of this rocky island*

*The well-known motorist and aviator, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, arriving at Whitley Aerodrome, Coventry, in order to attend the Humber luncheon. Her chief object was to meet some of Messrs. Rootes' Overseas representatives, who will place Humber or Hillman cars at her disposal wherever she stops on her forthcoming flight round the world*

# The Passing Hour

IT seems almost inevitable to start each week's chronicle of events at this time of year by saying that London is filling up all the time, as indeed it is. London in September is a very pleasant place. The trouble is, from the point of view of London, that everywhere is pleasant in September. Even in Ireland, where they have had only eight fine days since last year, it is fine, and the sub tropical plants in the South are given a chance to show what they are made of.

### *Italy in Ireland*

ONE of the show places in Ireland now is the little island off Glengariff which, at the cost of £50,000, was turned into an Italian garden by the late Walter Bryce, an Ambassador at Washington. He died, however, before the house attached to the garden could be built. Now Mrs. Bryce lives in a small cottage, and it costs you 2s. a head to go and see the flowers and plants.

### *A Rival to the Continent*

FROM what I hear, there is a distinct likelihood that casinos will spring up all over the Irish Free State in the next two or three years. The Government permits betting-shops in Dublin and elsewhere. Now American capital is available for casinos as soon as permission is granted. There is only one disadvantage about Ireland, apart from the weather. This is the train service. But there are so few motor cars, even on the main roads, which are excellent, that you can often go fifty miles without meeting one.

### *A Lengthy "Park"*

ANOTHER paradise for motorists is Biarritz, where the other day an Englishman left his car in the main street for a whole week

*Wide World*

*Mr. Rudyard Kipling with General Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, watches troops embarking on the troopship "Somersetshire" en route for India. The great writer's thoughts on the Indian imbroglio, so different from his day, may perhaps be imagined from his expression*

# PLUMBING AS A CAREER

while he went to St. Jean de Luz, only to find it still there when he came back, and without any troublesome gendarmes to summons him. The Basques are indeed the most honest race in the world. You never need have any fear that your things will be stolen on the plage, however crowded it is, while you go in to bathe.

### *Improvements at Harewood House*

LADY YOUNGHUSBAND, the wife of Sir Francis Younghusband, will no doubt be much interested in the improvements that are going on in Harewood House. For before her marriage, when she was Miss Magniac, her parents owned Chesterfield House, Lord Harewood's town residence. One of the new improvements at Harewood House is an electric lift. I shall never forget some years ago when paying a call at Chesterfield House I saw Princess Mary working the small lift herself.

### *That Dearth of Bathrooms*

IN addition to the electric lift, ten new bathrooms have been installed at Harewood House, as well as a huge new kitchen range. Even in these days there are numbers of fine houses, both in London and the country, which have only two bathrooms. The other day Michael Arlen was expressing the shocks he got when house-hunting for his wife, who is shortly expecting a baby, in London. Practically none had more than two bathrooms.

*WHAT MODERN BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP CAN DO*

*A view of Tudor Close, at Rottingdean, which, although it was completed barely two years ago, is a wonderful tribute to modern craftsmanship, all its details suggesting that the buildings were erected in the days of Henry VIII or Queen Elizabeth. It will be observed that, though the houses are all of the same type, no two are alike*

*ALMOST SACRILEGE!*

*A sight to make lovers of antiquity and the historic weep! Workmen busy demolishing the Duke of Leeds historic seat, Hornby Castle. The motto of the Osborne family is "Peace in War," but with so many old families suffering under the burden of ruthless taxation, it would be appropriate to change it to "War in Peace"*

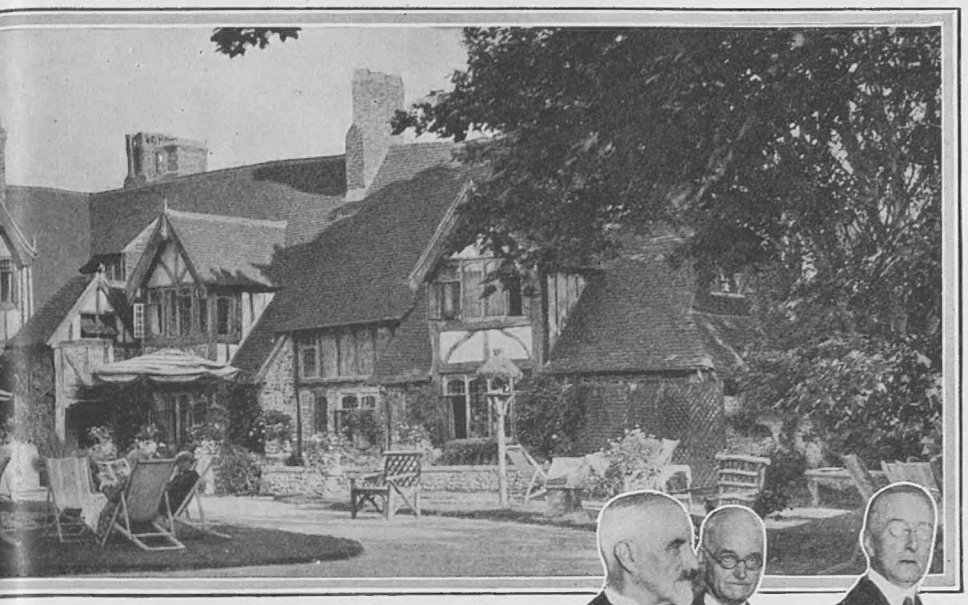
*Photographs Topical*

*Workmen removing pilasters from the dining-room of Hornby Castle, near Bedale, the historic home of the Duke of Leeds. Crushing taxation compelled him to sell this wonderful place, which is steeped in English history*

### *A Good Job for the Young*

I REMEMBER some years ago a dinner party at which Arthur Weigall, the archæologist, was discussing the problem of what career to choose for one's children. "If I had to decide," he said, "I would put my son into plumbing. By this I mean teach him all about making expensive bathrooms. There will be a fortune in it soon." How right he has since turned out to be. We have just reached the stage of evolution in this country that the Romans reached when they started in for baths. Keen students of history can in consequence work out all sorts of other odd interesting stages that are inevitably just ahead of us.

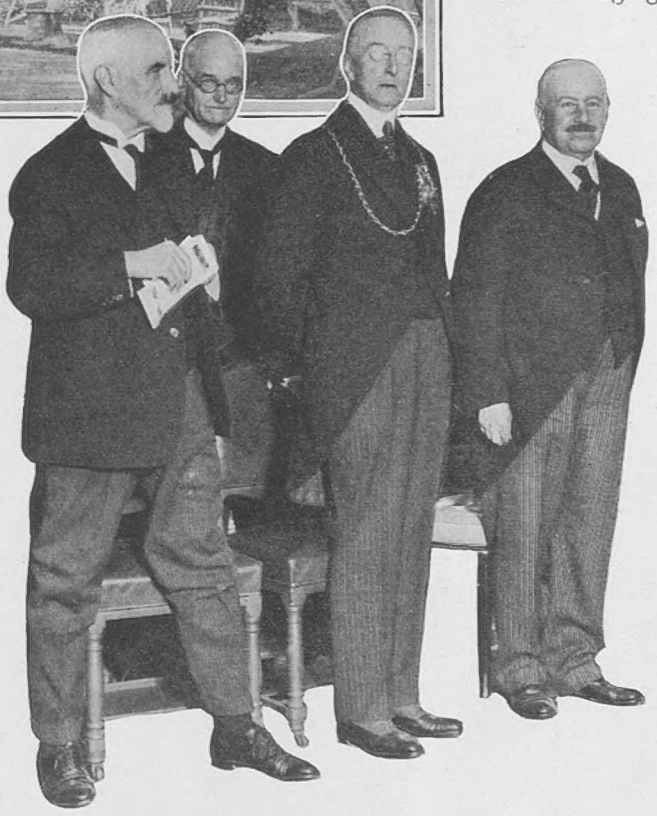
# A VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT



*Topical*

*Sport and General*

*Mr. William Sutton (Timperley), who recently won the Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship at Portmarnock, beating Mr. D. A. Fiddien, the young Stourbridge player, in the final. He won by 4 and 3 over 36 holes*



*I.B.*

*Mr. H. Greville Montgomery (left), the organiser of the Building Exhibition, at the opening ceremony, with Lord Riddell, Sir Banister Fletcher, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and Lord Burnham. The last-named made the opening speech at the Exhibition, which is housed at Olympia*

### *North of the Tweed*

IN Scotland the weather is variable, but house parties are still the order of the day. Lord and Lady Lovat and Lady Burton were both entertaining for the Northern Gathering at Inverness last week. Princess Helena Victoria is staying at Balmoral, where Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox had the honour of dining last week. Lord Crawford was in London for a day or two last week on a short visit from Scotland, from where Lord and Lady Forres do not propose returning until next month. Lord Weir, on his return from the U.S., immediately went up to Scotland.

### *Varied Entertainment*

IN London last week we had the sparkling first night of *Follow a Star*, with Sophie Tucker and Jack Hulbert; the new American orchestra under Johnny Hamp at the Kit-Cat; the reopening of the Embassy Club, to which I briefly referred last week and where Mr. Philip Kindersley emulated the earlier example of Lord Birkenhead and Lord Queensberry by wearing a dinner jacket there. There was also the stage presentation of Sexton Blake, the detective, at the Prince Edward Theatre; and, finally, the exhibition of drawings and so forth belonging to Serge Lifar at Tooth's Galleries.

### *In the Rough*

HOW long this collection will be considered valuable I do not know. It does not look as though the fragments of Picasso's art were ever meant by him to be shown publicly. Many of the exhibits are more or less workroom sketches for the Russian Ballet. I wonder what Sir Austen Chamberlain thought of them. He used to be a patron of the Russian Ballet, which explained his visit to the exhibition, which he gazed at enigmatically and with little or no comment.

### *A Question of Taste*

WHAT is the ideal way of cooking grouse? At Sovrani's the other day I was given "Grouse Rossignolé" rich and savoury. The following day I ate it en papillote at Quaglino's (you know, roast in a paper bag so that you lose none of its fragrance). But a Scottish connoisseur of my acquaintance says that the only correct way to cook it is to put it in boiling water for a minute and then cook it en casserole.

### *Red Wine for Grouse*

ANOTHER pretty problem is the question of what to drink with it. The traditional method, of course, is to take a burgundy or fine claret. Another Scotsman I know says that, the grouse

## WHERE AMERICAN PILOTS SCORE

being a Scottish bird, you ought to drink the Scottish vin du pays—in other words, whisky. He says that it gives a nip to the flavour that immensely improves it. Personally, I would as soon drink hock.

### *That Elusive Cup*

POOR Sir Thomas Lipton. He has been unlucky, losing his mainsail on the first day that he had a real chance of winning. Experts tell me, however, that he never had much of a chance, if only because the American pilots know every inch of the tricky water through which the races have to be sailed, and thus have an overwhelming advantage over Ned Hearn and his men, brilliant though they are. In addition to that, Enterprise is really a freak yacht. I will explain.

### *Freakish Design*

THOUGH there are no rules governing the interior of a yacht, it is generally understood that even racing yachts should possess some kind of living accommodation below decks. In Enterprise there is absolutely none. What would be cabins are just masses of intricate machinery. This gives Enterprise another tremendous advantage. Perhaps next year some attempt will be made to standardise the interiors of yachts as well as the length of their waterline, and so on.

*Special Press*

*The Lord Chancellor, Lord Sankey, looking moody, arriving at Downing Street. He was on his way to attend the first Cabinet meeting*

*MISS ANGELA NEVILL* *Yevonde*

*Whose engagement to Mr. Mark Milbank, of the Coldstream Guards, the eldest son of Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank, has been announced. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach Nevill*

*THE HON. JOANNA DOUGLAS* *Yevonde*

*The daughter of the late Lord Aberdour and of Lady Aberdour. Her engagement has been announced to Sub-Lieutenant William Handcock, R.N., the only son of the late Mr. R. H. T. Handcock and of Mrs. N. T. Spencer-Cooper*

### *In Memory*

A LETTER from the Duchess of Sutherland has reached me saying that, in order to carry out one of Lady Ednam's last wishes, she has consented to be chairman of the ice carnival to be held at Grosvenor House on October 31. Lady Ednam was the founder and chairman of the Ladies' League of the Royal Northern Hospital, and it is proposed to devote the funds raised by the carnival to the endowment of a Rosemary Ednam ward.

### *A Popular Pastime*

ICE carnivals seem to be the order of the night, for I have just received details of another, which is to be held on the rink of the London Ice Club on November 27. Princess Marie Louise will be the president, and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Lowther, Lady Rothschild, and others have taken tickets for it.

### *Master of Ceremonies*

HARROGATE is used to visits of Royalty, and it is not surprising to hear that Prince and Princess Takamatsu have just arrived there. They are staying at the Majestic Hotel, and their retinue includes not only the Aide-de-camp, the Physician to the Household, the Controller of the Household, and a Lady-in-Waiting, but also the Master of Ceremonies.

### *The Promise of Youth*

SO many of our lawn-tennis cygnets have grown up geese that it seems hardly safe to venture a prophecy with regard to the future of any of the younger players. The Junior Championships have, however, since they were started, done much to focus attention of Authority on some of the most promising. Miss P. G. Brazier, of Worthing, who won the Junior Championship, after winning the Schoolgirls' Championship, which took place at Queen's Club, is one who should go far, because she appears already to possess a knowledge of court craft—an asset in the game which is singularly lacking among the big majority of the younger school—and also some of the slightly less young! Speed of stroke alone will never make a champion.

# SOME WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

## A JOLLY WEDDING

*(Left) Smiling bridesmaids leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after the wedding of Miss Monica Salisbury, the twin daughter of the famous artist, Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, and of Mrs. Salisbury, and Mr. Leonard Norris. They are the Misses P. and M. Gaylor, P. Salisbury, L. Green, M. Johnson and M. Marriott. (Below) The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church all smiles*

## THE NORRIS-SALISBURY WEDDING

*Capt. C. Fenwicke-Clennell Carr-Ellison, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and Miss Phyllis Craster, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Craster, of Craster Tower, photographed at their wedding reception. They were married at the parish church of Embleton, in Northumberland*

*Mr. Richard Fort and Miss Mollie Hammond-Chambers photographed with the bridesmaids after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridegroom set quite a new, but often necessary, fashion by carrying an umbrella*

*Photographs* *Central Press and G.P.U.*

# DEAN INGE'S SNEER AT THE "IDLE RICH"

### Gas and Gaiters

DEAN INGE has been taking to task the "idle rich," as exemplified in photographs published representing "Lord and Lady Waterstock in the paddock," or "The Blankshire Hunt trotting down a lane," and wondering what the working man and his wife think about them. In my opinion the working man and his wife would think no more and no less about them than the picture of a dignitary of the Church as a guest at some banquet! Heaven knows there is enough unemployment as it is, and if the "idle rich" ceased from spending money on horse-racing, hunting—or even food—the lot of many working men and their wives would be worse than it is.

Central News

*Lady Joan Amherst, the elder sister of Earl Amherst. She is turning her skill as a skater to good account and is now working hard as a Chief Instructress at the Hammersmith Ice Drome*

### Questions Asked

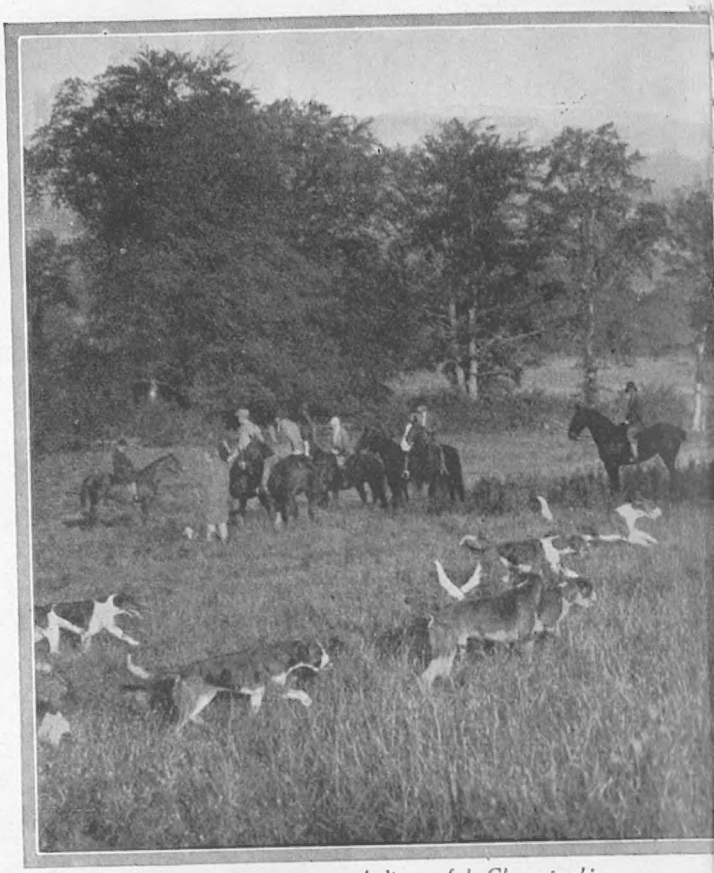
THE picture of a hunt trotting down a lane can recall in breasts of both rich and poor the delights of our English countryside, which is surely no bad food for thought. Dean Inge apparently thinks otherwise. Is there such a charming picture to be painted of such folk—not necessarily entirely "idle" nor particularly "rich"—sitting on their moneybags in the rôle of misers? Would that give pleasure and profit to the working man, who, incidentally, has been known, on occasions, to take some slight interest in that noble animal the horse?

### A Lipton Story

I HAVE made reference elsewhere to Sir Thomas Lipton's bad luck, and to one of the main causes for his defeat. Here is a pleasant sidelight on the great man just before he left for America. A reporter who was sent to see him was asked by Sir Thomas whether he was married. "Yes," said the reporter, who, however, was separated from his wife. "Then take this box of chocolates for her," said Sir Thomas.

Photopress

*Sir William Morris, of motor fame, arriving to open a magnificent new sports pavilion which he has given to his employees. Sir William, who recently gave £100,000 to Oxford hospitals, affords ample proof that, despite the Gloomy Dean's acid remarks, all the rich are by no means idle or have no sense of their responsibilities*



*A glimpse of the Gloucestershire countryside as it appears on a September morning. Followers of the Heythrop are seen on Mangersbury Hill, near Stow-on-the-Wold, during an early morning's cubbing. Readers are reminded that our Special Hunting Number will appear next week*

### Hard to Swallow

TWO days later, another reporter went to interview Sir Thomas. He had been married only three months and had great hopes of a similar gift, knowing Sir Thomas's generosity. Unfortunately he had a slight cough. "Ah, my boy," said Sir Thomas, "we must cure this at once," and presented him with half a dozen throat lozenges, which he carefully wrapped up himself before handing them over.

# AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES

*Photographs* *Topical*

*The Prime Minister's second daughter, Miss Joan Margaret MacDonald, with Dr. Alastair Mackinnon, to whom she recently became engaged. Her fiancé is in practice in Edinburgh*

*A SCOTTISH HERCULES*

*"Strong-Man" Clarke, of Dundee, waiting to receive the caber which is being raised for him to toss. His great strength was well exploited at the recent Invergordon Highland Gathering, in which he competed*

*E. Anderson, the noted heavyweight policeman athlete of Dundee, being carried off the ground at the Invergordon Highland Gathering after breaking his ankle whilst wrestling with Clarke. His opponent is seen in the right foreground assisting to carry the improvised stretcher*

***Those Stories***

You may remember that a little time ago the Duke of York made a whimsical speech in which he referred to the pleasant but quite untrue anecdotes that appeared regularly in the newspapers from time to time concerning the remarks of Princess Elizabeth. Since then you will have noticed that the hint was taken and none has appeared either about her or the new Princess. Yesterday, however, I heard from someone at Court that the only true one that has so far appeared in print was about Princess Elizabeth and the King.

***Reproof***

In case you have forgotten it went like this: Princess Elizabeth had been talking to the King, who had been remonstrating gently with her for not having behaved as decorously as she should. The King then went out of the room, when he was called back by his small granddaughter. He returned, expecting repentance, but instead, all Princess Elizabeth vouchsafed to say was: "Shut the door, grandpa!"

## ARE WE PRODUCING NEW LAWN TENNIS TALENT?

*Wide World*

*D. G. Freshwater, who won the Boys' Singles at the Junior Championships at Wimbledon, defeating W. F. Moss in the final round by 6—4, 6—1. The winner, who showed good all-round form throughout the tournament, was also the runner-up (with Miss P. G. Brazier) in the Mixed Doubles*

### *A New Novelist*

THE Hon. Robert Gathorne-Hardy, the younger brother of Mr. Eddie Gathorne-Hardy, who, two or three years ago, became a bookseller off Bond Street, has now written a book. It is called "Lacebury Manor," and seems to be an attempt to imitate Jane Austen—bringing her up to date, so to speak. This is an ambitious project, and when it comes out early next month you will judge for yourself whether he has succeeded.

### *Travel—and After*

ANOTHER young man of the same vintage as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, who has also just written a book, is Mr. Evelyn Waugh. It is called "Labels," and seems quite a praiseworthy account of how he did one of those cruises in the Mediterranean in the Stella Polaris. If it had been issued as a handbook with advertisements it should have brought in a considerable revenue. That might, indeed, be a lucrative method of making money, and I can't think why some best-seller, the next time he writes a novel, does not reserve for himself a few blank pages at the beginning and the end of the book for advertising space!

**To our Hunting Readers**

*Next week's "Bystander" will be a*

***SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER***

***In addition to other special hunting features, it will contain a complete List of Foxhounds, giving full details of number of hounds, names of Masters, days of hunting, etc., which will prove of inestimable value to all riders to hounds. Readers should place their orders immediately; last year's Hunting Number was sold out within twenty-four hours***

*Keystone*

*Miss P. G. Brazier, who had already shown very good form in other junior tournaments, added to her laurels in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon by winning the Girls' Singles. She beat Miss J. Saunders in the final by 3—6, 6—1, 7—5*

## RACING HINTS

*By "Old Orkney"*

**WEDDING FAVOUR when half way up the straight at Doncaster was going strong and promised to pull through and please her numerous backers, but GloriousDevon headed her close home to win. She displayed fine stamina over the one mile six furlongs, and should be followed up.**

**POMME D'ARGENT won a great race at Lewes and occupied second place after a game challenge in a one mile Nursery at Doncaster. Keep an eye on Beatty's colt for a similar prize, probably over the Newmarket track.**

**MARITA should win a mile race in the North on firmer going. The six-year-old mare was supported each way at Ripon but the mud was against her. She beat a strong field over a similar distance on the same course in August.**

**SILVER LEAF, a nice filly in Walter Nightingall's stable, should be supported for a Nursery over six or seven furlongs. She stays. Finished third to Eyes Off at Warwick, and earlier in the season she ran the smart Ready Response Colt to a length at Hurst Park.**

**CARDINAL, badly left at York and narrowly defeated at Ripon, is a smart two-year-old, and was confidently supported to beat Seaton Ross. Will assuredly win a race before long.**

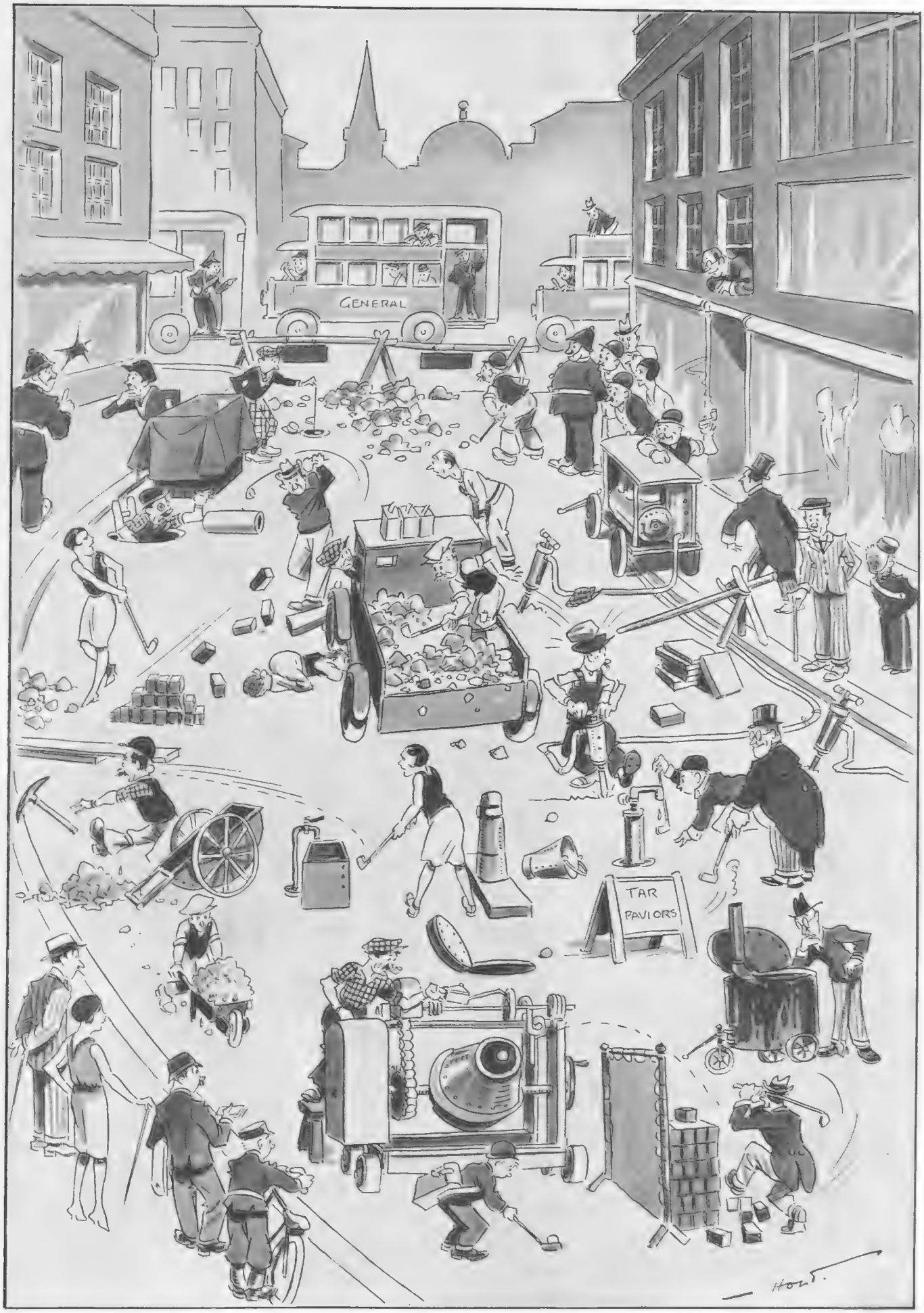
**ECILATH exhibited a turn of brilliant speed at Doncaster, but failed to maintain it in the heavy going. The Victoria Cup winner will oblige again on the top of the ground.**

*Topical*

*Miss Winifred Brown, the famous airwoman, playing a round of midget golf on the course which has been built on the roof of the new Gamage women's store in Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch. The enormous crowds which flocked here during last week augured well for the success of the new Gamage venture*

### *The Bridge "Test"*

HAVE you been to see the Bridge "Test" between the English and American players at Almack's? It is a most entertaining sight, and there is some remarkable play. One man told me that he saw a player discard an ace of spades in order to make the four of diamonds. He was greatly impressed, though, as far as I could make out, it caused no difference in the number of tricks obtained.




BY C. E. HOLD

# THE NEW MINIATURE GOLF

*The Regent Street Lunch Hour Championship in progress*

*AT THE PLAY*

# A HOT TIME IN LIL' OL' NOO YARK

***"Street Scene," at the Globe Theatre.***

RETURNING to London at the call of duty—I am such a slave to it that I did not extend my holiday even in order to witness a Casino attraction at a small town on the Riviera entitled "Concours de la Femme la Moins Habillée"!—I found that *Street Scene* had been produced at the Globe Theatre while I was on the high—but, thank goodness, not too high—seas.

IN consequence I missed the first night, and saw *Street Scene* performed before an audience not mainly composed of dramatic critics and dead heads, a circumstance which confirms my opinion that it is far easier to judge a play under such conditions than in the atmosphere of a first performance.

*Father Frank Maurrant (David Landau) declines to move to a more fashionable neighbourhood, despite the entreaties of his wife (Mary Servoss) and daughter (Erin O'Brien Moore)*

IN last week's issue my friend William Pollock gave a brief notice to this drama of low life in New York, but, personally, I feel that Elmer Rice's play deserves more than this. I am not saying that it is a masterpiece, but I do say that *Street Scene* is extremely interesting, and that the author has, in the last act, made sordid surroundings beautiful in the same way that nature with the aid of a setting sun can beautify mud flats with iridescent hues at the mouth of a tidal river.

IF contrast has much to do with the effectiveness of drama American playwrights are infinitely luckier than their English confrères. An English dramatist would not find ready to his hand in any part of London such a variety of characters as occupy the Apartment House in New York before which the action takes place in *Street Scene*. Here it seems natural that families of such divergent types as Jew, Italian, Norwegian, Irish and English-American should all cluster under one roof, and here within the space of twenty-four hours we are shown slices of their lives.

SLICES is, I think, the word to use, for Mr. Elmer Rice in his cast of nearly fifty characters has thrown over the accepted laws of construction by not attempting to focus interest at an early stage on any one particular set of characters. Indeed, when he does start doing so in a leisurely way he appears wilfully to distract us with one scene in the street. We are led to believe that the life of a woman with a grown-up daughter whose husband is jealous of her is the hub of the wheel round which others revolve, but when she is murdered at the end of the second act we find that it is her daughter on whom the main interest centres.

WHILE the ordinary life of the tenement holders was being shown us the interest was gripped. One became interested deeply in the lives of the characters depicted, but, strangely enough, directly the jealous husband, inflamed with drink, returns unexpectedly and pistol shots from one of the rooms tells that murder has been committed, the grip was relaxed. Why this was so I do not know. It may be that here there was something wrong in production.

*A fond and tearful farewell. Rose Maurrant (Erin O'Brien Moore) says not au revoir but just good-bye to Samuel Kaplan (Leonard Sachs)*

# By Vernon Woodhouse

*SKETCHES OF "STREET SCENE," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS*

BUT the last act—which is the best—when interest is focused on the daughter of the murdered woman—is a beautiful piece of work. Her grief at her mother's death, her not entirely misplaced sympathy for her father now arrested and awaiting trial with the electric chair looming in the distance, her renunciation of her young Jew lover in order that he may not be hampered in his career are all scenes which will live in the memory, as will the artistic finish when the street and tenement resume normal activities, and we feel that the nine days' wonder of the tragedy will soon be forgotten in the common round of everyday life.

WHERE interests are divided over so large a cast it is almost unfair to pick out any individual artist for praise, but it would be equally unfair not to mention the performance of Erin O'Brien Moore as the distracted daughter. She played this part with true understanding. Almost monotonous at first this very monotony made her outbursts when stark tragedy entered into her life the more effective. Here, once again, is an American actress of undoubted cleverness.

THERE are other Americans in the cast. David Landau is, I believe, one, and his performance of the jealous husband was very clever. Another part—played by an Englishman, though few people might realise it—to which was given any amount of character, was the Italian musician, Filippo Fiorentino, as played by Stanley Vilven. He it is who provides most of the comedy, ably aided and abetted by Grace Mills as his wife and Margaret Moffat as a down-at-heels Irishwoman. Abraham Soefar made much of an elderly Bolshevist Jew; Mary Grew was effective in the small part of his daughter, but the son as played by Leonard Sachs, in company with most of the children who appeared in the play, struck me as smacking more of London than New York.

### *"Eldorado," at Daly's Theatre.*

SOME rather severe things were said about *Eldorado*, the new musical comedy at Daly's, but it has turned out to be one of those shows which few but the audiences like. As the audiences continue extremely large, I don't suppose the powers that be are worrying much about the few. In short, it has settled into a very solid success. I paid my first visit the other night, and found that the superfluity of plot, of which I had heard, had disappeared, and that the piece played swiftly and easily. Jerry Verno, the comedian, is really a most diverting little man, and Mimi Crawford is the essence of grace and artistry.

*Abraham Kaplan (Abraham Soefar) one of the chosen race who lost it!*

*Low comedy relief by Filippo Fiorentino (Stanley Vilven), centre, who, having bought "nica ice creama" from a compatriot, generously shares his purchase with Emma Jones (Margaret Moffat) and George Jones (Edgar K. Bruce)*

### *At the Coliseum.*

JIMMY O'DEA, who has been appearing at the Coliseum, has been described by some writer in a London daily as a new Dan Leno. Where the resemblance lies I have not the faintest idea! Dan Leno was an incomparable comedian who held the stage alone. Jimmy O'Dea appears in a sketch in which his principal occupation is slapping people's faces—quite a different way of making a hit. Also included in the programme was Billy Bennett, who does recall some of the old-time music-hall artists in a turn which is not as long as it is broad.

The difficulty in finding a playlet suitable for a big music-hall was exemplified when Phyllis Neilson Terry appeared in *The Interlude of War*, by George Preedy. This episode in the French Revolution of 1789 may read well, but I found it difficult to fathom what the deuce it was all about!

V. W.

# PUBLICISTS AT STOKE POGES

*Major P. C. Burton, of the London Press Exchange, approaching the twelfth green by the lakeside during the "Sphere" Invitation Golf Tournament. His opponent, Mr. W. D. H. McCullough, of Messrs. Austin Reed Ltd., is seen watching him. Major Burton is a brother-in-law of Lord Rothermere*

*Mr. G. E. Chittenden and Mr. Austin Reed keep the rain off very successfully at Stoke Poges during the "Sphere's" tournament*

*Four competitors in the "Sphere" Invitation Tournament at Stoke Poges seen on the first tee. They are Messrs. Bernard Weatherill, W. F. Kaye, the winner of the cup, F. A. Hook and H. M. Panton*

*Mr. J. Bewsher presenting the "Sphere" Challenge Cup to Mr. W. F. Kaye, the winner of the recent Invitation Tournament at Stoke Poges. The meeting proved a great success in every respect*

*Photographs Sport and General*

COLLINSON OWEN

*The well-known publicist, author of the accompanying entertaining article*

# LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON

## By Collinson Owen

***Here Mr. Collinson Owen has taken that famous work, "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," as a model on which to comment on the state of affairs in the England of to-day. His powers of shrewd observation are afforded full scope in this article***

My Dear Boy,

I was delighted to get your letter. I do not expect you always to reply to mine, but it is pleasant to find that during your extended travels abroad you spare a dutiful thought occasionally for the health of your parent and your country.

When you ask me how I am I can reply truthfully that I never felt better. This shows the value of a little cynicism. Were I not so armoured I should be bound to say that I never felt so depressed. To be susceptible in England to-day is to live melancholy days and restless nights. To exist in some measure of peace one must be a stoic.

But when you ask me how the health of our country is, then I am afraid I have no good news for you. One may explore every possible avenue, as the dear politicians say, and find nothing but gloom. Indeed, to pursue a metaphor which long ago was sadly overworked but is still dear to our politicians of all parties—because once they have found a phrase which saves them from thinking, they are naturally loth to abandon it—I would say that, whatever avenue of ours you might walk down to-day, political, financial, or industrial, you would find only evidences of a fatalistic acceptance of hard times.

I would go still farther and say that of all the avenues in England to-day the only one worth an occasional exploration is Shaftesbury Avenue. And that, God knows, is a melancholy enough thoroughfare, as no doubt the pious Lord Shaftesbury, who gave his name to it, would have had it be.

When you write, "What's the matter with the priceless old country, and when is some leader worth while going to bob up?" I can only wish that you had expressed an excellent sentiment rather more elegantly, and at the same time confess to you that I have no satisfaction to give you in reply.

As to what is the matter with England, one might say that it is sick of a fever. I have often noticed how men of every promise, after some great emotional experience in their middle lives, have suddenly and perceptibly failed in their powers, and, following that climacteric, have declined swiftly into a premature, undistinguished, and even contemptible old age.

I have known it happen because of love, which is absurd. I have known it follow on financial disaster, which is perhaps rather more understandable. And, of course, there was the famous case of Sir Isidore Rumble, some years before you came into the world.

*"Mr. Baldwin is a man who, once he is at the wheel, must not be spoken to because he does not want to be wakened up"*

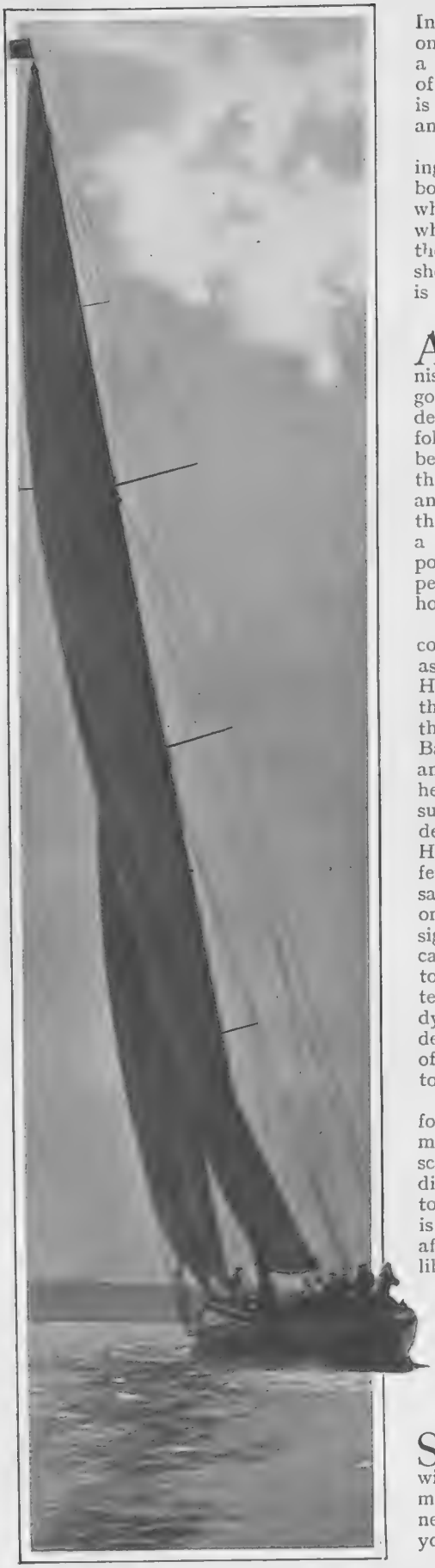
Following a spectacular career in the City, he had, as he would have said, the ball at his feet. It is true that some of his financial manners had not been too nice, but that, as you will learn in time, does not matter so long as a man is successful.

But just when a peerage was within his eager grasp the news leaked out that during a country-house rag there had been discovered in his bedroom a book entitled "Week-end Visits, and How to Behave at Them." Had it been his hostess discovered there, it would not have mattered so much. He was very rich. But this other, in his case, was fatal.

Your gentleman, of course, may confess to ignorance of anything, and—as I am afraid you would say—get away with it. But your climber must never be discovered in the act, particularly should his ignorance concern social usages. As it happened, the volume was a very well-thumbed one, showing that Sir Isidore had consulted it over a long period. To be brief, the victim was ragged so unmercifully that he never recovered. His flair for acquiring other people's money deserted him, his companies went to pieces, and he died miserably a few years later at a place called Herne Bay

Had he been a man of really strong fibre he would, of course, have triumphed over even such a disaster as this. Or even a sense of humour might have saved him. There is no gift more valuable to a man than the power to "laugh it off" when faced by an awkward situation. But, of course, being a financier, he had, as a certain French statesman said of a certain American President, no more sense of humour than a clam.

Unlikely though such a parallel may seem, the case is much the same with our own dear country. In the prime of her middle life England went through a great emotional experience—the War. It left her gravely shaken, but there was that within her which should have assured her a certain, if gradual, recovery even from such a stern ordeal.



*'Shamrock V," Sir Thomas Lipton's famous yacht, which has been competing for the America's Cup. She has lost her races partly through poor seamanship and partly through the "Enterprise's" automatic gadgets*

Instead, she has ever since declined from one futility to another. One may be a patriot—perhaps even the best kind of patriot—and yet wonder whether she is not rapidly sinking into a premature and undistinguished old age.

She is suffering from a slow and wasting fever, but precisely what it is nobody seems able to say. It is a fever which renders her soft and emotional, which makes her deny the past, shirk the present, and fear the future. In short, it afflicts her with what to-day is called an inferiority complex.

As you may have heard, another symptom by which it is first recognised that formerly strong men are going rapidly to pieces is the sudden development of what is known as the folie des grandeurs. There is this to be said for such unfortunates: that in the process of being destroyed they at any rate imagine they are experiencing the highest felicity. It is better for a man to die believing that he is a potentate of unlimited power than to perish thinking that he has become a hopeless pauper.

England in her decline has no such compensatory delusion as folie des grandeurs. Her fixed idea is not that she is great, but that she is feeble. Babus may cane her, and fellaheen spit on her, and she accepts such gestures with a democratic humility. Hers is not a noble fever. There is no insanity in her eyes, but only the pathetic resignation of a mother cat tormented by its too-boisterous kittens. If England is dying, it is not the death of a Titan, but of a good fellow gone to seed.

It so happens that for that greater and more worthy malady science has recently discovered an astonishing specific. It is that a man so afflicted shall be deliberately infected by a virulent type of fever. From the violent internal conflict thus induced, a sane man emerges. It is the heroic method, and, as is so often the case, it cures.

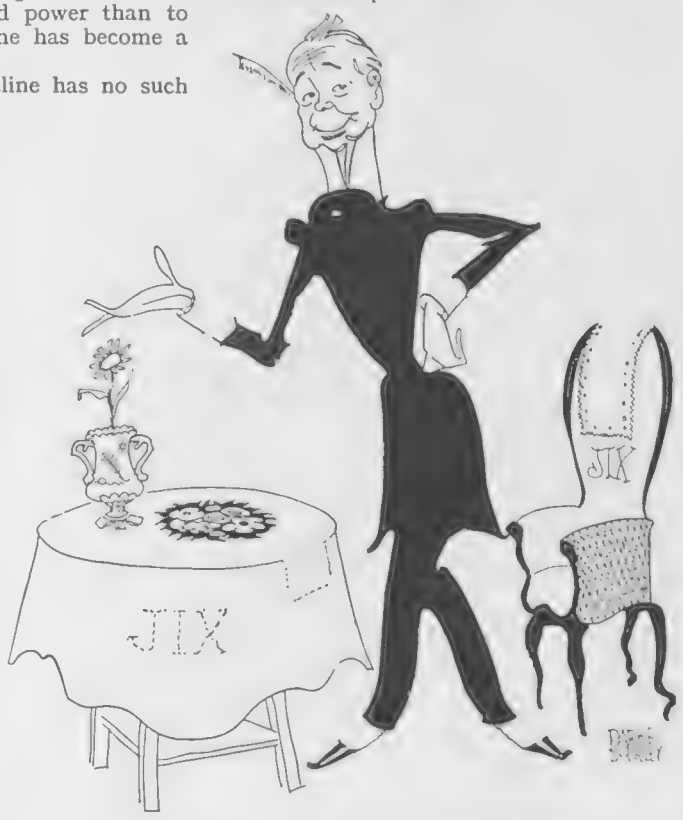
Some such inoculation is needed for England; something which will make her better even if it makes her worse. In short, we need that dynamic leader for whom you ask. Where is he to be found?

The answer, my dear boy, is that he has not yet appeared. He need not be cast in definitely heroic mould. We do not even need a Mussolini—even though we could find one with a sense of humour. He need only be a plain, downright Englishman who is not afraid to tell the average Trade Union leader that he is a fool, and the average Communist that he is a crapulous villain.

You mention, I notice, Mr. Baldwin. It touches me to see you still so ingenuous, but I am afraid it is one more indication that you have not followed contemporary politics as closely as you should.

It may be, so curiously constituted is this forgiving country, that Mr. Baldwin may yet be given what is called by the magistrates another chance. Should that melancholy event happen I shall find myself at a loss what to write you concerning it.

Mr. Baldwin, my dear boy, is a man who, once he is at the wheel, must not be spoken to because he does not want to be wakened up. Yet, though such conduct on a Thames barge would be considered criminal, there are many people—Mr. Baldwin among them—who think it quite commendable on board the Ship of State.




*"I would advise you to read 'How to Furnish the Home,' by Lord Brentford, otherwise known as 'Jix'"*

In short, my dear boy, I find it quite impossible to provide you with an answer to your main question. Perhaps the future will provide—although unhappily that will mean that the hour has become great enough to find the man. In the meantime I would advise you to read "How to Furnish the Home," by Lord Brentford, otherwise known as "Jix," from which you will learn that, though a politician may do precisely as he pleases with the shareholders of a nation, and be rewarded even for his grossest errors, he expects, and receives, no such blank cheque from the shareholders of a limited company.

C. O.

BY W. RADFORD

## THE NEWEST "NOUVEAU RICHE"

HOLLYWOOD "STAR": *"When the Princess arrives I shall be having tea in the sixth drawing-room, but show her through the other five before you find me"*

# If Gossip W

Stage Photo Co.

*Florence Desmond, as she appears when taking off Tallulah Bankhead in "Charlot's Masquerade," at the Cambridge Theatre. Her clever impersonation won her fame in a night*

BY what peculiar process of reasoning is it decided that (a) if a man inherits a peerage he is not fit to have a serious hand in the government of his country, and that (b) if a man is made a peer as a reward for his brains and his hard work (with a lot of luck thrown in) he must instantly cease from holding any public position of vital responsibility? The trouble with our growing, reasonable and welcome detestation of snobbery is that it leads to a sort of inverted or perverted snobbery that is worse than the real thing. We are so terrified of being thought to kow-tow to a peer that some of us deny him any virtues at all.

IN politics the peer is hopelessly penalised. It is the realisation of this that induces a certain section of the Labour Party to clamour for the abolition of the Honours List. From this point of view it is a sensible clamour. It springs not so much from detestation of what used to be called pomp, frippery, useless pageantry, gilded popinjays, and so forth, as from a realisation that if you send a popinjay to the gilded chamber he, politically speaking, goes pop. In other words, the Labour Party wants to keep all their brains nice and handy in the House of Commons to accept any office that the Almighty and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (your really nice little red-hot Socialist would reverse the order) might be disposed to offer them.

"It's my belief, Herbert, the man is

WHY it should not be considered feasible in 1930 to have a Prime Minister in the House of Lords I fail entirely to understand. England managed to be a rather more considerable Power in Europe a century and a half ago when an Earl of Chatham was at the helm. Lord Melbourne was lazy and a cynic, but we did not do so badly when he was P.M., and the British Empire was being built up and consolidated when that office was held by the "Rupert of Debate" (the Earl of Derby), by Lord Salisbury, and by the brilliant Jew who lost none of his brilliance by becoming Lord Beaconsfield.

IT is an open secret that the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston would have been sent for by the King had he been in the House of Commons.

*THE SCRAP THAT WAS ONE—AFTER 12 SECONDS!* G.P.U.

*Ernie Rice, the Hounslow boxer, being forcibly restrained after having struck his opponent, Harry Mason, whilst the latter was down, thus bringing their recent much-advertised fight at the Ring to an early and inglorious conclusion. Such displays hardly tend to improve the reputation of professional boxing*

# Lust.

eavyweight boxer, and *won't* get up!"

That he was not was a grievous disappointment to that ambitious but able man, and a grievous disaster for the Conservative Party, since it gave us Mr. Baldwin. This ban on the House of Lords hits the Conservative Party more hardly than any other, for reasons which should be obvious. It also rules out as a possible Prime Minister Lord Lloyd, who probably has more brains than any three members of any party, and can be trusted into the bargain, which is additionally unfortunate, for Lord Lloyd was most abominably treated when he was well on the way to becoming a really great proconsul.

PERHAPS the rule will one day be relaxed, and perhaps a day will come when we contrive, as they do in France, to have all our best men available and do not allow promotion to become synonymous with a sort of political sandbagging. It is not only one party that is handicapped in this way but the whole country.

OUR rural hotels are improving. In some of the smaller towns, and even in the villages, one can now get a good lunch and dinner, a clean and comfortable bedroom, and most of the amenities which civilisation demands. But some of them are in danger of killing the custom that is springing up by extortionate demands. In a pub — a nice pub, but still a pub—in a tiny hamlet in the Thames Valley a few days ago I was charged 15s. a night for a bedroom and 2s. 6d. for a whisky and soda. One pays these prices more or less cheerfully in London, but it is absurd for a minute establishment in a remote district, where the rates, taxes, rent, and overhead charges generally are infinitesimally small, to have the same tariff as the Berkeley or the Ritz. I am afraid landlords who do this are attempting to make the few who do patronise them make up for the absence of the many who don't. A most foolish policy.

"WHAUR'S your Wullie Graham noo?" "Wullie" was not exactly a roaring success as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, but at Geneva, as President of the Board of Trade, he has gone one better—or one worse. The amazing theory, put into practice only too frequently by politicians of all parties, that all other nations must be considered rather than our own, that no nation's susceptibilities must be offended or their pockets touched, however much that consideration may cost ourselves, has now found a glorious champion in "Wullie."

BY ratifying the tariff truce Great Britain has, as Sir E. W. Petter puts it (and no one could put it Petter) in his letter of resignation, "acquiesced in the present unfair conditions under which our home market is exposed to the dumping of foreign manufacturers, made under conditions not permitted by British trade union regulations, while foreign markets contrive under their existing tariffs to be closed against the products of our own people."

## THE SPORTING SPIRIT

The fight between the two boxers, Mason and Rice, in the Savoy Grill Room, had a sequel when they met at the Ring, and, after a further display of bad feeling, Rice struck Mason whilst he was still down during the first round.

*DEAR children, meet two parfait knights,*
*The heroes of a hundred fights;*
*Two doughty boxers, brave and bold,*
*Who British sportsmanship uphold,*
*And by their charming manners bring*
*An added lustre to the Ring,*
*Where each one plays a splendid part*
*In fostering the Noble Art.*

*Examples set by Mr. Rice*
*(Whose ways are always meek and nice),*
*And Mr. Mason (who, though young,*
*Has kindly heart and gentle tongue),*
*Should make you all resolve to try*
*To emulate them by-and-by,*
*For British sport needs such as they*
*To hold its pride of place to-day.*

*Yes, children, if you would be great*
*You all must try to emulate*
*Those sunny, friendly sportsmen who*
*Bring glory to their race anew.*
*And then, when you are big and great,*
*And can recite the Hymn of Hate*
*And rowdy, rough-house ways employ*
*You'll feed—and fight—at the Savoy.*

*B. W.*

Stage Photo Co.

*Baliol Holloway as Richard, with the two little Princes, in "Richard III," at the "Old Vic." True to custom, Miss Lilian Baylis is presenting a season of Shakespeare's plays again this winter*

Central News

*Lady Wentworth, with one of her pure bred white Arab horses at Crabbet Park, near Three Bridges. Owing to the crushing burden of taxation she has reluctantly decided to sell her world-famous stud*

BUT is your Wullie really downhearted? Not a bit of it. He leaves Geneva jauntily, having told a reporter that the truce might end in April—and a very suitable date, too, for an arrangement that makes Great Britain look an "all fools" nation in the eyes of its trade rivals. And it is by no means certain that the truce will not be renewed every six months ad infinitum, or, rather, until we are in that condition of bankruptcy and helplessness in which our leaders seem intent upon placing us.

I HAVE just been taken over a brand new theatre, complete and beautiful, but as yet without a theatrical entertainment in it, though one will be there soon. Somehow I prefer new theatres to be like that. In nine cases out of ten a new and lovely building, "replete with every modern convenience," as the house agents say, and with the most unusual offices, starts its career by housing an entertainment of dreadful inanity, which loses money for a lot of people, among whom the man responsible for the theatre being built is never included. The Whitehall Theatre—for that is the new theatre of which I am writing—is likely to deviate from this course, for its first attraction is to be that ready-made success, *The Way to Treat a Woman*, from the Duke of York's. This will probably be followed by an even more familiar comedy, *Twelfth Night*.

BY STAN TERRY

*THE COMMONS—AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING!*

A FEATURE of the Whitehall Theatre is that there are telephones in the foyer for the use of the general public. This is an excellent idea. What the ordinary member of the public does when he wants to telephone from a theatre I know not. Whenever I want to telephone in such circumstances (not, I hope, that I am in any way extraordinary, but having occasionally done a spot of dramatic criticism I have found managements delighted to offer facilities) I am either shown into the box-office, where there is a polite but harassed clerk, about half a dozen instruments, all equipped with different and equally unfamiliar gadgets, and such an appalling lack of space that one realises that the box-office keeper's lot is not a happy one; or I am taken, with exquisite courtesy (if it is a first night) to the manager's own room by the manager, who waits at one's elbow. When one is trying to tell the truth about his play to a newspaper office such proximity is apt to cramp one's style.

THE theatre telephone affords a splendid opportunity for the dissatisfied patron to get a bit of his own back. With what glee at the close of Act I of a play he does not like he will ask the way to the telephone, "as I want to ring up for a couple of seats at the —— Theatre."

WARM nights are changing into cooler ones, but differences of temperature have as little effect on the enthusiasts at the "Proms" as they have on the gold-fish, for the Queen's Hall is the only concert hall in the world with a point in it. These

Dorothy Wilding

*RAYMOND MASSEY*

*Who plays Topaze in the English version by Benn Levy of the comedy of that name by Marcel Pagnol. This play, which is due at the New Theatre on October 8, is at present being tried out in the provinces*

...usic-lovers are becoming even hardier. Attention was called the other day to the presence of young men at these concerts with ruck-sacks on their backs—a pleasant reminder of the wind on the heath brother and the care-free, nut-munching world of the arty and crafty. The other night from a seat (thank heaven!) in the circle, I watched one of the ruck-sack bearers. Here and now I salute as a brave man anyone who can listen to an Elgar symphony, lasting over an hour, with a spare pair of boots, a clean shirt, a sock or two, a toothbrush and a safety-razor all clamped to his shoulder-blades.

THE bane or delight of the schooldays of many of us —according to the point of view or the precocity—was Butcher and Lang's translation of the Odyssey of Homer. I have just seen a delightful new edition of this, with about 20 illustrations in colour by Russell Flint, A.R.A. Mr. Flint reproduces the Greek face that is seen on pottery without being too pedantic about it. The result is charming, and his poses and grouping, which, I am glad to say, are not too severely classical, have about them the touch of a true artist. Why, by the way, have we never had a Homeric ballet? Lifar or Dolin as Odysseus and Nikitina as Penelope would be worth seeing.

Howard Coster

MR. ERIC GAMAGE

*The head of the famous firm which has just opened a palatial branch, devoted to women, in Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch. His courage and enterprise deserve high commendation.*

*Eva Le Gallienne, the daughter of the famous poet, Richard Le Gallienne, is one of those Englishwomen who have achieved a great success in America. She is the director and founder of the popular Civic Repertory Theatre in New York*

IT is a relief to find that nudity has disappeared from French revues; the stage during the finale no longer looks like a poulterer's shop at Christmas time hung with plump plucked turkeys. Also, the advertisements of certain establishments where nudity is for sale have disappeared from the weekly papers. The police have seen to that. But in their place are advertisements of nudism and the nature cult, of fellow enthusiasts in the cause anxious to get into touch—of course, only figuratively speaking—with each other. Is sunbathing sincere? That is a topic I offer, gratis, as a likely one for discussion in the more popular Sunday papers during the coming weeks.

NEGROES are so scarce, comparatively speaking, in London that the colour question is—well, with us it is hardly a question at all. Nevertheless, some such rule as exists in New York might save a deal of trouble and embarrassment. In New York a coloured man knows exactly where he can and cannot go. In London he never knows when he is going to be met with a refusal, and is, if he is educated and has money, constantly on tenterhooks—whatever a tenterhook is. Sometimes this leads to a situation not without its humour. Not long ago two coloured dance-producers — a very decent, cheery couple—arrived in London from New York for the first time. Their English manager, not wishing to risk a rebuff for them, had booked rooms at a quiet, cheap, and, to say the least, far from fashionable hotel off Shaftesbury Avenue. They were refused admission. So they drove to the —— (you see the name in every other "Society" paragraph, and it is considered highly exclusive and is certainly highly expensive). They were received with a courtly bow and given rooms without question. Strange, isn't it?

THE recent death of the Rev. Dr. William Spooner, who was far better known as the originator of "Spoonerisms" than as the author of "The Histories of Tacitus," resulted in a flood of such sentences, mostly apocryphal, being loosed in the Press. One which, although genuine, has not appeared in print is worth recalling. The learned doctor when lecturing on English history alluded to the "Bottle of Bassworth" instead of the Battle of Bosworth! This may have taken place in a summer term.

By Batchelor

"Look here, I've been waiting a couple of hours in this club! Surely you can tell my uncle that I'm here"

"I daren't disturb anyone in the Lounge, sir"

"Well, go over and see if he's still warm"

*A light and supple felt is folded over and pleated fan-wise on one side of this cute little hat; on the other it turns back and sweeps right off the face—in the modern manner.* *Model Mado*

# The Peplum Influence in Dress

## By Blanche B. Elliott

Quite an amusing trifle—but an important one in the new silhouette—is the peplum. Often it bears a close resemblance to the short tunic, but is really quite different in character. It has appeared tentatively on frocks for the last year or two, floating about, as an idea is wont to do until it is properly adopted. Now most of the dress creators have taken it to their hearts, and it appears in varied forms, either all round, at the front only, or as a hint of the bustle at the back. It presupposes a slim figure and a feminine personality in its wearer.

Lelong showed a striking black velvet frock with a fitting, rather mediæval bodice and outlined its jaunty little peplum frill with a narrow border of snowy ermine. Buyers and fashion writers descended on it with a whoop of joy, and it received the overwhelming attention rather embarrassing to an exclusive model. The same house also did a pink and gold brocade (which I hope to illustrate later) with its peplum outlined with marten, leaving a narrow panel in front. Chanel also carried it out with skunk in a striking white model, so that one feels that the idea really has come to stay for a bit.

Patou was very faithful to the tunic idea all through his collection. Sometimes it was a fold-over of the material in front only, as a departure from the short, full tunic; sometimes it was a long tunic which flared over an underskirt—but always it was the tunic. Many of his little afternoon frocks had belted tunic bodices. Schiaparelli made full, unironed pleats sometimes to her tunics, and repeated the theme in her waistcoat effects. The real solution of its popularity is that the artist's eye always seeks symmetry, and to obtain it the line of the long, rather full skirt has to be broken somehow, either at the hips or lower down. It just gives the sense of balance one instinctively seeks. American stylists work out charts on this idea, and, maddening though such statistical foresight may seem, they often guess right in some extraordinary way, and forecast fashion to the benefit of their own manufacturers.

Backs remain, on the whole, cut very low for evening. But there are other variations. There is a distinct tendency once more for a straight-yoked effect with strips of material going down loosely to join the waist-line. A very daring bodice Patou does opens from the centre of the yoke down to the waist-line both back and front. One feels a little nervous about the latter, but it seems to hold together all right, and one apparently hopes for the best.

In addition to the loosely woven woollens which I have already mentioned, there is also the closer woven, rather mannish tweeds and an undoubted feeling for the silky faced broadcloth. The latter is, of course, for dressy wear, and the tighter weave lends itself to the more strictly tailored lines which are very prominent everywhere. The fine, transparent weave of woollens are kept for the little one-piece frocks which everyone did in such bewildering variety. Jerseys are trying hard to stage a "come-back," and are succeeding partially. The sportswoman is most faithful to it, as it has so much "give" in it for violent movement that it is almost impossible to replace for sweaters, etc. The drawing-room was really never its proper background, and it should be content to take its

*Patou interprets the autumn ensemble very delightfully in a closely woven, rather mannish tweed of green mixture. The bodice of the little frock is belted and buttons over the skirt which has inlets of reversed material. The threequarter coat has a high collar and cuffs of beaver. Model Jean Patou*

place in the field to which it rightfully belongs.

FUR trimmings are very general on all our winter garments, and the flat kind, variously known as astrakhan, breitswantz, broadtail, or galyac—or just plain baby lamb—is the trimming above all in request. It varies in the age and breed of the poor wee animal, but the quality should be smooth, shiny, fine-haired, and of varying degrees of curliness. As a coat trimming it is ubiquitous. Beaver is used with soft, fuzzy tweeds, with which it blends with the utmost success. Nutria is also used; so is marten, and fox for the smarter coats. Ermine is good always, and sometimes dyed black (which seems to give it a new silkiness) or a new biscuit shade. A short coat dyed this shade was shown by Louiseboulanger with a brown ensemble which was particularly stunning. There is no doubt, however, that the fur coat has to give way in chic to the fur-trimmed coat. Quite a quantity of fur cloth was shown made up into frocks and coats, notably by Premet, who also used fur as a trimming inserted into the material. It was so like the real thing that one had actually to feel it to know the difference.

THERE seems to be quite a lot of discussion, by the way, as to the vogue of a pink and white complexion. This, I would hasten to say, should be rapidly discounted, for the élégantes who have been sunning themselves on the Mediterranean coast and elsewhere have been at great pains to get a tan so dark as to appear almost coloured. This is done so scientifically and gradually, with a bottle of cocoanut oil always ready in one hand in case one should burn too rapidly, that a dusky, all-over hue has been obtained. Nor can I believe that such sunburn is bad for the skin, but it seems rather to clear it and make it healthy, especially when coupled with sea bathing. Certain colours go so well with sunburn that it is encouraging to wear them, and best of all is white. I see already that the prophets of the pink and white who rushed into print are beginning to hedge a bit! Sun tan pearls are being sold for evening wear. In fact, pearls have returned to favour, and the bizarre chains of strasse are not nearly so popular.

B. B. E.

---

IT'S an ill wind that blows most saxophones!

* * *

A WOMAN'S hands are wonderfully expressive—but not when she is driving the car in front of you.

* * *

THERE is a place for everything, and I wish our neighbour's loud speaker would go there.

* * *

NOW and then you meet a man with such a cordial handshake and such a cheery personality that you know he has no money.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL woman can get almost anything except your point of view.

# CLEMENCE DANE on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

## "Grand Hotel"

### By VICKI BAUM

*(G. Bles: 7s. 6d.)*

"You come on your travels from your little provincial town with false ideas about life. 'Grand Hotel,' you think. 'Most expensive hotel,' you think. God knows what marvels you expect from a hotel like this. You'll soon know all about it. The whole hotel is only a rotten pub. It is exactly the same with the whole of life. . . You arrive, stay for a while, and go on again. Passing through, isn't that it? For a short stay, what? What do you do in a big hotel? Eat, sleep, lounge about, do business, flirt a little, dance a little, eh? Well, and what do you do in life? A hundred doors in one corridor, and nobody knows a thing about his next door neighbour. When you leave, another one arrives and takes your bed. Finito."

Thus speaks a character in the new novel of Berlin life, *Grand Hotel*; but the speech represents more than his own view. It epitomises the whole of this vivid, depressing, haunting book. It is at once the tale and the moral. The moral you have heard. Now for the tale!

IMAGINE yourself in the foyer of a big hotel, watching the revolving door letting in stranger after stranger whose histories the author is going to tell you. You scarcely notice the worried hall porter. His wife is in hospital, having a baby, and he is worried to death; but he has to go on looking after the visitors for all that. One of these visitors is a Dr. Otternschlag, a war-wreck (it is he who philosophises about the grand hotel of life, and there is Grusinskaya, the famous Russian dancer. Cruel Berlin is doing its best to make her realise that her day is over. Then there is the handsome Raffles, Baron Gaigern, planning the capture of the dancer's famous pearls; and there is the apparently prosperous manufacturer, Preysing, with the pretty typist, Flämmchen, in attendance. Finally, there arrives a miserable little provincial clerk in shabby clothes with a damp umbrella and a packet of sandwiches under his arm. "His whole appearance is comical and pitiful, and he clearly is in the last stages of exhaustion."

HE tries to get a room and is at first refused; but the doctor, moved to compassion, befriends him; he is accepted as a client, and, with that, the stage is set, the curtain is up, and the play has begun. For the wretched little Kringelein is the central figure of this strange drama, the point at which all these different destinies are made to touch. He is exhausted by half a lifetime of drudgery in Preysing's factory, and the egotism of a selfish brute of a wife, and he has just learned that he has only a few months to live. The news goes to his head like a gulp of brandy. What? He is to die, without ever enjoying the glories of life's grand hotel? No!

*MISS VICKI BAUM*

*Whose novel, "Grand Hotel," is discussed by Miss Clemence Dane in the accompanying article*

The poor waif takes his courage in both hands, draws out nearly every penny he possesses in the world, and arrives at Berlin's Grand Hotel determined to live at last. But, alas, he doesn't know how to begin!

HERE chance takes a hand. The dancer's show is a fiasco. Gaigern, who has seen the crash, decides to steal her pearls that very night, and is concealed in the dancer's room. He watches her in her despair, and falls sincerely and completely in love with her. She discovers him, and in his real passion for her finds new courage. They part, lovers. He is to follow her to Vienna. But he has not stolen her pearls, and he must somehow obtain the money they represent before he can join her. Who, then, is to be his victim? Obviously, the poor, easy fool, Kringelein.

But Gaigern befriends him, teaches him how to spend, dress, race, fly, gamble; in other words, how to enjoy all the thrills and excitements for which he hungers. He brings home the little man at last in a state of collapse, and half in good-nature, half out of fear of the doctor, restores the money he has stolen from him. Yet money Gaigern must have. How? He thinks of the rich Preysing, Kringelein's employer.

NOW Kringelein, invulnerable because he is so soon to die, has had the exquisite enjoyment of telling Preysing what he thinks of him. He little knows that the tyrant is himself on the edge of disaster. Though he is a family man, some madness has put it into his head to make love to the typist Flämmchen, and when Gaigern burgles Preysing's room, he finds the typist with him. There is a struggle: Preysing accidentally kills Gaigern and so expedites his own ruin and Kringelein's happiness. For, after the tragedy, Flämmchen takes refuge with Kringelein. They are both waifs whom life has ill-treated; but he has, for the moment money, and she has, for the moment, youth. Each lavishes on the other that solitary possession, and you feel that whatever happens to the rest of the inmates of the Grand Hotel, for Kringelein and Flämmchen at least, because they are as helpless as two poor little rabbits, there is going to be a period of happiness. And on that note of happiness the novel ends, for the hall-porter hears that his wife is all right, and that he is a father

IT is clear that in this novel melodrama and coincidence have been quite deliberately used; but the result, I think, justifies the author: at any rate, incident is always used to illustrate character, never to supplant it. Indeed, the character-drawing is triumphant. It is also curiously English. You almost feel, at times, as if Kringelein and the rest were familiar figures of our own literature plunged into a bath of vitriol. Kringelein himself is a wretcheder Mr. Polly, Preysing comes from a weaker-natured Five Towns, and Otternschlag talks like any Jingle.

IF we had lost the War—what should we be like to-day? The revolving glass doors of the Grand Hotel flash on us for an instant reflections that are just a little startling. There, but for the grace of God, go—who? Only the phantoms of a foreign novel!

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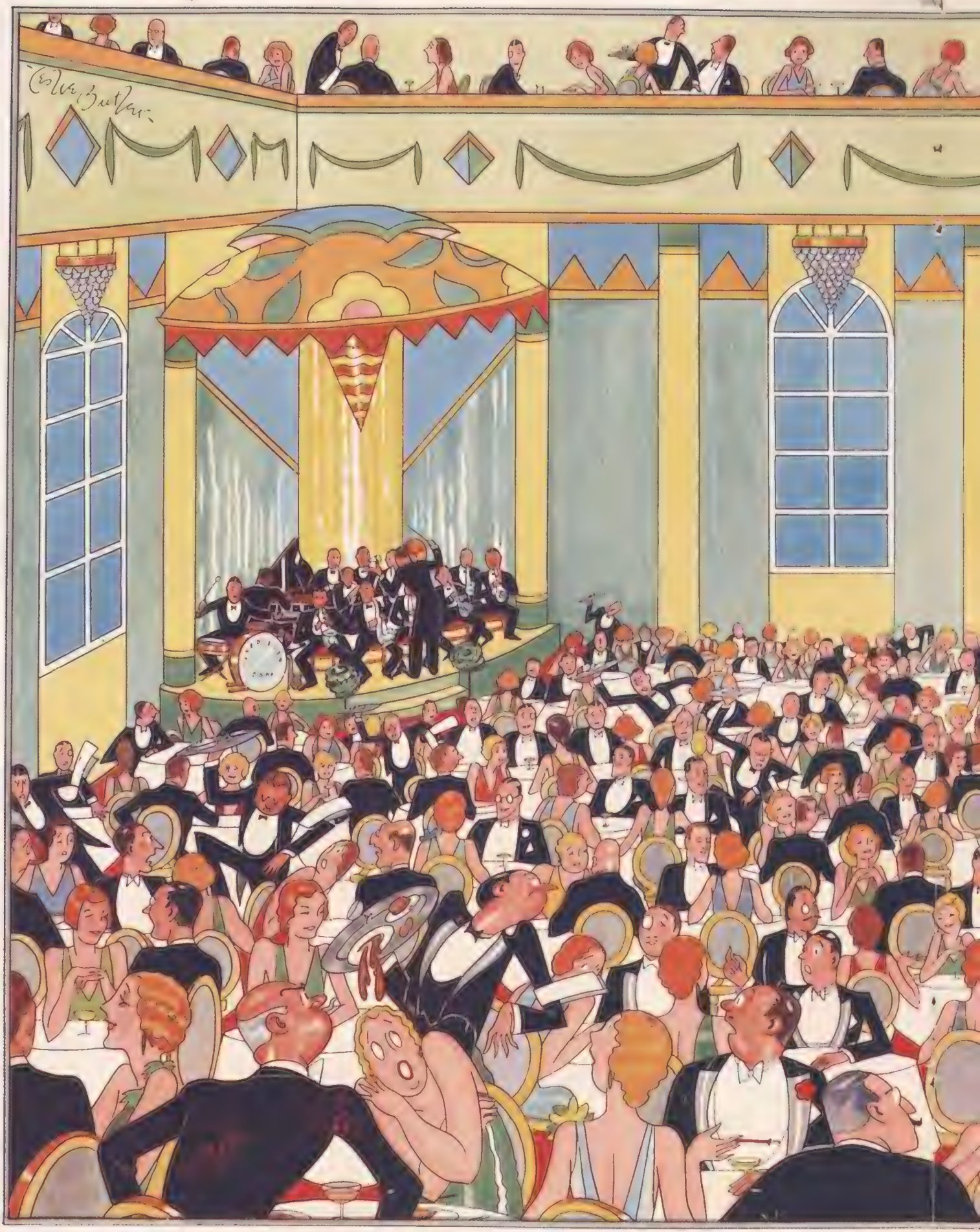

# SUCCESS: OR THE EVER DIM

BY LESLIE BATTER

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

# THE TWO GHOSTS

*"I remember sitting in that t'ai in the garden looking over the river at sunset"*

## By STELLA BENSON

*Illustrated by F. S. MAY*

"THIS is the seventeenth wet day" said Myra, wondering what the rainy window had in common with her husband's face—that both were unendurably tiresome. "How miserable it all is. . . ."

"That's the history of our married life, Myra, my gal," said William brightly, throwing a golf ball accurately to the ceiling again and again. "Being miserable all over the world. Sometimes it seems to me that I don't know what you'd look like if you smiled. D'you remember the first place we lived in after we were married? Ta-ming—in South China. I remember you cried there for a whole week without stopping. I remember you saying that if you could live somewhere where there was a cool summer, fresh greens, sober friends, electric light and a hot-water system you'd have nothing left to wish for. Here in England we have all those things. But are you down-hearted? Yes. Up, the rebels!" William was afflicted with irrelevant interjections—really, perhaps, hiccoughs—in a semi-articulate form.

MYRA had all those things now—green salads, neighbours who were neither Seventh Day Adventists nor incipient dipsomaniacs; she had the most satisfactory geyser in that suburb; she had a chilly wet English garden with a blackbird shrieking in idiot panic all over it; she had a trim, dripping English view, now blurred by rain, but still identifiable as a bald hill like an elephant's back, with a spine of grey slate-roofed cottages. All this desired England she could see through the window over the tweed shoulder of her William—a William enlarged in girth but shrunken in dignity since his China youth—his brass-yellow hair faded to a lifeless heather mixture, suggestive of cotton-waste—a William changed from the arrogant and active Treaty port Taipan to the indolent suburban churchwarden—retaining of his China manner only the tireless ejaculatory brightness which once kept the South China bars in a roar. There was no bar in Ta-ming, their first port, though, Myra remembered—no club—no neighbours—only a garden full of syringas and frangipani, and a wide, slow river, speckled with gaily painted junks and sampans, a river seen through heat-dazzle, shivering and flecked, like a faulty cinematograph projection. Ricefields in the early spring, she remembered, were of an almost *primrose* green, and kingfishers sat on posts in the ricefields looking like glasses of crème de menthe, with their sequin-bright reflections, flaring below them in the water. Kingfishers, Myra remembered, always wore the self-conscious expression of one cunningly concealed; nobody, it seems, has ever dared to tell them that they can be seen for miles, by friends and enemies alike. But perhaps a kingfisher has no enemies. Perhaps his is the only crowned head that lies easy. Remembering that dry blue-and-golden freedom—South China—from within this cage of rain was like remembering an exquisite feathery sponge cake when your mouth is full of lumpy gruel. "Oh, *do* put that golf ball away, William," said Myra. "You're quite wrong about Ta-ming, anyway. It was you who used to grumble there because there was no club to get drunk in and tell dirty stories in. *I* was very happy there, whatever you may say. I remember sitting in that t'ai in the garden looking over the river at sunset, and the frogs yaw-yaw-yawing from the ricefields. If you don't put that golf ball down I shall scream."

"Yes, I remember that t'ai in the garden, too," said William, his glance springing to follow the leaping of the golf ball. "I remember coming in hot and thirsty after a ride and having a cool drink in the t'ai with that chap—what was his name?"

"What chap?" asked Myra sharply. "We had no neighbours at Ta-ming except that woman who used to be with us so much—that woman—*you* know who I mean, William—who was it, now?"

"It was a man, not a woman," said William. "There was only one European besides ourselves at Ta-ming, and he was a man. Give me time . . I'll get the name in half a tick. . . . 'Time, gentlemen, time,' as Goethe said on his death-bed. . . . Who *was* that feller . . . ?"

"I'm perfectly certain it was a woman," began Myra. "But, anyway, it's of no importance. . . . Yes—it *is* of importance," she interrupted herself abruptly. "We *must* get that name. I shan't be happy till we've remembered it. If you'd only put that golf ball down I could think so much better. At present my mind's a blank—I can just see a woman-shaped blank, sitting in the t'ai. I have the impression that it was a woman I didn't like very much, and—oh, yes, William, I'm beginning to remember details—

(All rights strictly reserved)

she was a tremendous wag. . . . I seem to remember that you screamed with laughter whenever she opened her mouth. . . . Aha! I've got another clue—don't you remember that two-day trip from Ta-ming when we put up for the night in that temple in the banyan grove? . . . The coolies had brought champagne by mistake instead of cider, and we all got a little merry—don't you remember? Those paintings on the wall—surely you remember those?—goddesses sitting on crimped clouds waving something that looked like sausages—and all the rather vulgar jokes this woman who was with us insisted on making—Yearly Outing of the Young Buddhist Goddesses' Association. . . . Hot Dogs made from Prime Gadarene Pork—oh, William, you *must* remember—you laughed till you cried . . ."

"Of course I remember that night in the temple," said William, "though I can't call to mind all those merry jokes; on the contrary, I remember that evening as a pleasant but rather sober occasion, in spite of the fizz. You're absolutely off the track about the third person. Not only is the blank in my mind a man without-a-shadow-of-doubt-no-possible-probable-shadow-of—but also he wasn't at all a little sunbeam in our home—on the contrary, I have quite definitely the feeling that he was a highbrow—quoted Tennyson and Omar What's-is-name and Shakespeare and suchlike bigwigs—all the winners, six o'clock speshul—and that evening at the temple he went out—(surely you haven't forgotten that?) and kicked a noisy coolie because he said he was 'outshouting the moon.' Them was *his* sentiments. Call that ladylike? No-no-my-lady-fair. A man it was. Tootle-oo. Pip-pip!"

"Oh, William, *don't* be such an ass. Really, you'll make me lose my temper. For the seventeenth time *do* put that golf ball down. You're simply making up all that about the highbrow man and the moon—just to annoy me. It's inconceeeeevable that you shouldn't really remember a woman who was so constantly with us—a favourite of yours, too—just the kind of woman you like—a noisy, cheerful, vulgar woman——"

"Rats to your cheerful woman!" said William, suddenly sitting up and pulling his lazy, creased face straight. The golf ball rose and fell with a more agitated rhythm. "Your imagination's running away with you, my dear Myra—you and your cheerful woman! Cheerful fiddlesticks! I can remember everything about the feller except his name and what he looked like. You'll be telling me next that it was a merry widow and that you were jealous."

"I *was* jealous," said Myra. "I remember quite well seeing you blatantly showing off before her—that alone proves it was a woman—besides, I *know* it was. Oh, *do* be careful with that golf ball—you'll break something. You'll drive me mad if you don't put it down. I remember quite distinctly being jealous of this woman—I shall remember her name in a minute; it's on the tip of my tongue. And what's more, William, I'm jealous of her *now*, since you think it worth while to tell such elaborate lies about her. I presume this idiotic lying must mean that you're deliberately hiding something—trying to put me off the scent for reasons of your own . . . ."

William almost burst with outraged righteousness. His shoulders swelled. The golf ball fell like a stone to rise no more. "My good Myra," he spluttered, with the portentous incoherence peculiar to the naturally facetious man overcome by feelings too deep for jokes. "That's right—go on—call me a liar, *do!* Anything else you'd like to . . . Well, I'm damned! What about yesself and this feller—I've got just as much right to ask what you're concealing about him—pretending you don't even remember his existence."

"Oh, don't be such a fool!" cried Myra in a voice of extreme unkindness. "And since we are talking of fools—what an *utter* fool you'll feel in a minute, when I remember the name of this woman you so obviously want me not to remember. . . ."

"I'm going out," said William, getting up and dropping the golf ball—an outworn symbol of defiance—into the work-basket, like a cuckoo laying its egg anywhere—anyhow. . . . "I shall go to that vestry meeting after all. I'm not going to stay here and be called a liar." The discovery by Myra of an actual unsuspected merry widow in his life would not have annoyed him much. On the contrary. The disclosure of a highbrow secret admirer in Myra's past would only have been a little less enlivening. But the senselessness of this determined petticoatisation of a memory that seemed to him so indubitably trousered irritated him beyond endurance. He would go out in the rain; he would go to the vestry meeting; the freshness of the rain and the wholesome boomings of the vicar would help to ventilate this accidentally sealed cell in his memory—this vacuum abhorrent to a rightly constituted nature.

As soon as William was gone Myra began to cry. She was forty-one years old, but she cried like a spoilt child, for it was not only her seventeenth day of rain, but also her seventeenth year of William. William appeared now on the surface of her life like a boil that had taken seventeen years to grow and had come to a head within the last seventeen minutes. For seventeen years she had been constantly right and William constantly wrong, she thought, but until to-day skilful dialectics on her part had always obliged him to admit that he was wrong. To-day his character seemed to have suddenly changed—or, rather, his tiresomeness had suddenly taken a new and inflexible form. Certainly this extraordinary disingenuous attitude of his must mean that he was concealing something; accidentally, it was clear, she had stumbled upon some old deception that was still living enough in his mind to be worth defending—some sin that did not make him sorry, only obstinate. As a rule, she rather liked William to sin, since sin had always eventually obliged him to be sorry. To wrench reluctant repentance from William had always been, for Myra, one of the major compensations of marriage. Now if she was losing control—if William was going to begin sinning without being sorry—if that last luxurious power of hers—the power to make her husband feel small—was gone—all that made William worth while as a husband was gone too. She would leave him. Let him go back to that Ta-ming woman, whoever she was. He would find that he had lost his Myra by his contumacy. To-morrow, when he had business that would take him into Reading, she would leave him. She would go and live in that little cottage in Chelsea that her godmother had left her. He would find a little note from her when he got back from Reading. She might begin writing a draft of the little note now. It would be rather fun, she thought, as tears dripped from her chin. She sat down at her desk. As she took up her pen she saw in the shelf above the top pigeon-holes a row of refined-looking books bound in rose-pink leather. "My diaries," thought Myra. "Gracious! Why didn't I think of them before? Let me see—our marriage. . . . Ta-ming. . . . 1909 or 1910. . . ."

William, home again, wet and serene; two hours later, hissed cheerfully as he peeled off his streaming mackintosh and his muddy shoes on the front-door mat.

"William," called Myra, "there was nobody."

"Nobody where—when—why?" asked William, who was now interested in the question of moving the font and putting in a few extra pews.

"There was nobody at Ta-ming except you and me."

At once William knew that he could not dispute this, that it was true, and that it was somehow much more important than the position of the font. The odd numb spot in his past was pricked in life.

"We were alone together in that temple," said Myra. "We were alone all along at Ta-ming—nobody ever came, from first to last. It's all down here in my diary—even the jokes I perhaps never made. The joke about the Gadarene pork is down here; nothing about outshouting the moon, though, or kicking the coolie. You must have thought that up. But, William—did we ever do anything more than *think* of those things? I'll tell you what I think; we've been remembering a ghost—two ghosts—the ghosts of the people we tried to be, William, when it still seemed worth while to us to try and please each other. . . ."

William, though he wished to be kind, and dimly understood that the raptures of first love were under discussion, could not bring himself to be anything but implacably bright. "Aha, aha, said-the-blind-man, you've had a

brain wave and looked at your diary, have you? Couple of idiots we were not to do that before, instead of losing our hair like that over nothing. *Outshouted the moon* . . . that was mine, you say? . . . not ser dusty that, for poor old William, eh, Myra? Funny, I had the feeling that it was rather a mouldy, trying-to-be-superior sort of a feller said that . . . I must say I don't remember your jokes, Myra, old girl —I don't connect you with that Mad Merry stuff, though we've had our good times, haven't we. . . . Let's have a squint at this diary of yours. . ." William drew up a chair with a bump against Myra's chair. "Now, where are we . . . what tiddy-iddy little writing—I can hardly . . . don't fidget with that golf ball, Mimms, old lady; it distracts my eye . . . ah, yes, there's that bit about sitting on the t'ai looking across the river at the sunset . . ."

Together they read, blowing their noses tenderly from time to time, what Myra had written about their life during the first year of their marriage.

"No, half a sec, my dear old horse," murmured William presently, with a delicious sigh. "Don't turn over—I haven't finished that bit about the temple. . . . 'Time, gentlemen, time,' as-what's-'is-name-said-on-his . . ." His voice died away in another happy sigh as he read on.

The golf ball in Myra's hot hand found itself doubly enclosed, as though in a Thermos.

Stella Benson

*"The golf ball in Myra's hot hand found itself doubly enclosed, as though in a Thermos"*

FILM NOTES

# TOM WALLS AS PRODUCER

By Lionel Collier

WHEN TRAPPER AND SCOUT MEET

*A scene from "The Big Trail," the new Fox film to be seen over here shortly. This film cost 2½ million dollars to produce and includes 93 speaking parts, 500 genuine Indians and thousands of head of horses, buffaloes and cattle*

THE CAMP ATTACKED

*An exciting scene from "The Big Trail," showing Redskins attacking the camp of early pioneers in America. This Fox film is one of the most important this firm has produced*

TOM WALLS has continued his policy of turning stage plays into films, and, following "Rookery Nook" and "On Approval," he now gives us "Canaries Sometimes Sing." As in the others, there is no attempt to do more than to photograph the dialogue. He keeps closely to stage traditions and does not use any of the scope that the camera can give in the matter of action and change of scene.

THE consequence is that it appears more cramped than the stage version when it should, if pictorial expression were utilised, be much more expansive. The acting, owing to the fact that much of the play is photographed in half-photo with the character seated or standing for considerable parts of a sequence, is rather handicapped. So finally the picture relies for entertainment almost entirely on the reproduction of Frederick Lonsdale's witty dialogue. This is very amusing, and so long as Tom Walls chooses plays which have the point and pithiness of this playwright's works his public will not grumble because he is deficient in cinematic art. They will not be wholly aware that the dialogue could be put, as it were, in more suitable clothing.

BUT plays of this calibre are not so easily found, and that is why I entirely disagree with Tom Walls' statement that one of the functions of the cinema is to take the place of second-rate touring companies in presenting stage plays. Good dialogue in a play is a rarity, and the number of films required in a year could not begin to be supplied by the transcription of stage plays. It is therefore essential that the pictorial expressiveness of the screen is studied with its chances of a wide scope for action, and therefore a curtailment of dialogue. The screen can never beat the theatre at its own game.

THE artistes in "Canaries Sometimes Sing" are Tom Walls himself, Yvonne Arnaud, Athole Stewart, and Cathleen Nesbitt. Both the women are excellent and well contrasted. To my mind Tom Walls, good as he is, rather inclines to laugh at himself instead of taking the farce seriously and making us laugh at him, not with him. Athole Stewart is convincing in his rôle, and thus is more successful.

TALKING of British productions, I see an esteemed contemporary has been telling the world about the enormous expansions that are likely on this side. £5,000,000 companies are talked about, American production on a huge scale at Elstree, which it is proposed will be another Hollywood and the centre of the world's picture studios. What ground there is for these speculations I am unable to discover. That Elstree was going to be another Hollywood has been suggested before, and people must take it with a grain, if not a whole cellar full, of salt. I do not think these wild speculations do the British industry any good. Since the advent of talkies there is no doubt that we have improved our position and are still improving it. The quality of our pictures has improved. And it is wise to let this progress move reasonably. There have been, for speculators and others, too many mare's nests in the production tree to make these grandiose schemes appear plausible.

ONCE again Al Jolson appears on the scene, this time in a racing comedy adapted from an American stage success. Instead of singing "Mammy"

*Continued on page 646*

# A BRITISH STAGE STAR AT HOLLYWOOD

*Evelyn Laye with John Boles in a scene from "Lilli," the talkie in which she starred and for appearing in which Samuel Goldwyn paid her £10,000. Although she has already appeared in English films, this was her first appearance in an American picture*

*Two scenes from the British film version of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, "Canaries Sometimes Sing." This talkie was produced by Tom Walls, and the cast includes the producer himself, Yvonne Arnaud, Athole Stewart and Cathleen Nesbitt*

songs to a little boy, he sings to a horse. He has the temerity even to guy his own successful song, "Sonny Boy," which sold, I believe, to the tune of two million on gramophone records.

The story does not really matter at all; the picture, in fact, is one of those which definitely depends on the fact as to whether you like Al Jolson or not for its entertainment or the reverse.

But there are two points in it which seem in bad taste. The first is a reference to the Prince of Wales. The exact words escape me, but it is something to the effect that a horse was so sick that even the Prince would be able to sit it. This cheap gibe is a commonplace in America, which is such a democratic (!) country, but it is strange that it should be allowed to find place here. I wonder how many vulgarities of a like nature about, say, President Hoover or about their national flag—which is the counterpart to our royalty—the Americans would allow to pass in a British film?

The other lapse is the fact that a jockey who is bribed to pull a race is depicted as English and his speech is guyed. This crooked jockey is referred to as Steve Leslie and consequently as Steve. Steve is a household word in racing circles over here, so, apart from the fact that the producers have seen fit to make their crooked jockey English, they have given him a name which is world-famous. I confess to being somewhat revolted by their—to put it mildly—lack of taste.

L. C.

## THOUGH COMES THE END

*YOU find it royal sport*
*To flaunt your former loves before my eyes,*
*As though, compared to them, I count for naught*
*And merely served as consolation prize*
*In what you find a game—*
*A game which sears my soul as with a flame.*

*But I can not complain*
*Although you rack me waking and asleep*
*Upbraidings, pleadings, tears would all prove vain*
*Since I allowed myself to be made cheap*
*Because I held you dear;*
*And loving you, I had nor doubt nor fear*

*If I had cared to think,*
*And coldly reckoned what the end would be,*
*I should have paused ere yet I reached the brink*
*And plunged to Hell through Heaven all for thee*
*Yet could that time return,*
*Wise counsels I would just as madly spurn*

*You can not understand*
*(For Man sees love through grosser outward eyes)*
*How I rejoice I suffered at your hand*
*And find a sad, sweet solace in my sighs*
*For memories remain*
*And Love still burgeons in the Vale of Pain.*

*Tom Walls and Yvonne Arnaud in an affectionate interlude in the new British talkie, "Canaries Sometimes Sing." Lonsdale's brilliant dialogue makes this an exceptionally amusing film*

## GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

*Janet Jevons*

*A new photograph of the leading lady in Noel Coward's comedy, "Private Lives," which comes to London's latest theatre, the Phœnix, next month, after a highly successful preliminary run in the provinces. Miss Lawrence is a great favourite with the American public, and her successes in the States have been as big as those she has won in this country*

*PARIS GOSSIP*

*"The influence of rival oil companies"*

# EXHIBITIONS, AMERICANS & OTHERS

By Sylvia Lyon

*Illustrated by A. GALLAND*

PARIS is in the midst of its fluctuating autumnal hiatus that is a most agreeable prelude to the Winter season. There are always a few of the people one most wants to see in town, while the others give mutual greetings of surprise with glib alibis explaining why they have not seen each other for the past few weeks, and the same explanations will be forthcoming for the next few weeks. Monday is the liveliest day in town, but surely no evenings can as yet be called lively. There are no parties at home, because most houses are running on diminished staffs, and the only night-clubs open aren't fit to be seen in. A few theatres are operating, but they are mostly réprises of last year's plays, with inferior casts. Nobody dresses at this time of the year, and the weather being beautiful it is still warm enough to dine out of doors at Laurent, the Bois restaurants or the Ritz. The Vendôme side is a trifle dowagerish and pompous, but the new lighting makes up for it. Reflectors have been sunk in the borders of the flower beds, and the effect is charming. The Cambon side is lovelier still, the most becoming light in Paris having been achieved under the broad canopy of the terrace, so that whether you are beach-brown or Paris-pale you look, and dine, well.

*His Majesty King Feisal photographed on holiday in Switzerland. He is seen on the steps of the Palace Hotel, Thunerhof, in the Bernese Oberland, where he has been staying with his suite*

THE general impression of Paris at the moment is that people are returning from week-ends to prepare for the next or for the shooting season, which opened the end of the first week in September. The most important factor of this is, of course, being outfitted for shooting parties, and the women of Paris have to make up their minds whether to retain their sunburn, such a perfect background for their pearls, until their permanent return to town, or to bleach out at once.

Speaking of shooting, when the hunt exhibition now being held at Leipzig was in the process of organisation the French committee was in a quandary. Almost every other country on the Continent had a supply of mounted beasts and birds to send as honest samples of what their lands had to offer in the way of attraction to the hunter. But France could not face the bluff. There are still private preserves boasting a few wandering "sangliers" as near to Paris as the Seine-et-Eure region; there are always a couple of foxes around Pau, Biarritz and Sologne, but France could not compete with the stuffed symbols sent by Poland, Austria and Roumania, where it is still difficult to avoid meeting chamois, boars, bears, and those silliest of birds, becasses. So the French committee reverted to its truest type, the artistic, and sent a magnificent set of Gobelins tapestries representing hunt scenes of the good old days.

ON one of these quiet late summer evenings I was out on an informal party where the young Archduchess Marguerite of Hapsburg, who makes her home with her exiled family, including two brothers who are active in aviation, in Barcelona, was a member. There was something extraordinarily familiar about her face, but I could not place the resemblance. A few days later I found her exact likeness in the La Tour exhibition in the Orangérie of the Tuileries. As soon as I saw a certain portrait I looked in the catalogue and identified the resemblance, for the portrait was of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, who was the wife of the Dauphin Louis, the son of Louis XV. The Dauphine was the daughter of the Elector of Saxony and Marie-Josèphe, Archduchess of Austria.

IT was at this exhibition that I had one of those unavoidable experiences that make you wonder whether you should silently enjoy yourself or murder somebody. I confess that my superiority was only due to the possession of the catalogue. This exhibition is being held for the benefit of the museum of Saint Quentin, where the majority of the La Tour pastels belong. During the War the pictures were carried off en masse by the Germans, and the museum destroyed. They were temporarily displayed at Maubegge by the invaders, and after the armistice were placed in the Louvre, where most of them were hung. Now these lovely eighteenth-century pastels have no place to go to, for the Louvre has no room for them and their rightful home is not yet rehabilitated.

ON the carved frame of a portrait of the Dauphin as a child the artist's name is displayed. An American couple standing beside me, seeing the name, "Maurice Quentin de la Tour," exclaimed loudly upon the precocity of a little boy who was able

to paint such a self-portrait. A few feet farther down the room they stood before a perfectly marvellous portrait of Louis XV, which also bore the artist's name on the frame. "For goodness' sake," the American husband said, "here is the little boy grown up. I didn't know artists were ever rich enough to wear steel breastplates and armour! And look at that crown on the top of the frame, will you?" "I don't think he was such a good artist," said the wife, "when he was a little boy he painted himself with eyes slanting upward, and in this picture they slant down. When he was a kid, too, he had a pug-nose, and this nose is sort of hooked. It isn't natural." I could stand it no longer and politely said, "This is a portrait of Louis XV, not of the artist, and the other is of his little son." The couple looked at me in amazement, and then went off to buy a catalogue.

*"'For goodness' sake,' the American husband said, 'here is the little boy grown up!'"*

*TEA-TIME ON THE LIDO* Wide World

*The crowded terrace at the Alberoni Golf Club on the Lido. Afternoon tea is now quite an important event on the Continent*

*Lord Rothermere, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald and Countess Bethlen They are seen enjoying the sunshine, which is very much to the fore on the Lido*

*Miss Madeleine Grey, the well-known soprano, photographed by the Grand Canal, in Venice. She has been taking part in the first International Festival of Music, which was held there*

I HEAR there was more than human distress behind the recent wholesale airplane tragedies in France. Following the death of ten aviators on one day, the Minister of Air has forbidden one 'plane equipped with Jupiter motors to take to the air, which sounds just, as all these fallen 'planes had these motors. The order specifies that no Jupiter motor can be used for the next six months, nor for this period can any 'plane be used, even though it changes engines. I have been told that the reason back of this order is this: the Jupiter firm is owned by M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, who is a director of Royal Dutch, and this drastic measure has been brought about through the influence of rival oil companies. S. L.

## FLYING NOTES

*Capt. G. de Havilland, Major Cordes, Count A. Costa de Beauregard, and Mr Edward Bret, all of whom have been staying at the Hotel des Anglais, at Cannes, flying their privately owned moths over Palm Beach Casino. Their evolutions thrilled a large crowd of spectators*

# A BRITISH AIR ROUTE IN AMERICA

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

***Westward Ho!***

TRAVELLING by air in the West Indies will be very much more comfortable over certain routes than by boat, for British steamship companies have neglected our oldest Colonies in recent years and many of the foreign islands and mainland ports are served by most inadequate transport. "Atlantic Airways," which will be a subsidised concern, is the successor to the old "Bermuda" Company in the sense that it will inherit the value of much pioneer work carried out by that company in the Bahamas, Trinidad, Venezuela, and British Guiana soon after the war. The main air route is planned to link up Maracaibo, a great oil centre in Venezuela where British interests are considerable, with Georgetown in British Guiana, intermediate stops being made at Aruba and Curaçao Islands, La Guaira, the port for Caracas, sacked many times in the days of the Buccaneers, and Port of Spain, Trinidad. The route follows the line of the Spanish Main and passes near the inhospitable swamps of the Orinoco, through which Raleigh passed on his search for Eldorado. Extensions are planned over the open sea from Trinidad to Barbados and inland to the Kaieteur Falls in British Guiana. The network will be extended to Jamaica and the Bahamas at a later date, and connections made with the German company now operating in Colombia and with the Americans at Panama and Florida.

***Club Notes.***

THE month of August was, from the flying point of view, the most satisfactory so far in the history of the Hampshire Club. The total number of hours flown amounted to 350, including more than 100 hours during the last week of the month. Three members made their first solo, two obtained "A" licences, and two qualified as commercial pilots, whilst fifteen new members joined the Club. The Hamble Garden Party was a great success, the three Club Moths and the Avian being kept very busy. The London Club has said au revoir to Captain F. R. Matthews, now on his way to Australia by Puss Moth, and another assistant instructor, Mr. A. G. Store, has been engaged. Will Hay was in the chair at the farewell party which Miss Amy Johnson also attended, Captain Matthews having taught her to fly.

THE list of "A" licences posted at Hanworth Park continues to grow; ten women, including the Marchesa Malacreda, the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, and Mrs. Fred White are among the most recent. Miss Sicele O'Brien, daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, who was one of the best all-round sportsmen of his day, is flying again, after having had a bad accident last year. The Surrey Aero Club has its opening meeting at Gatwick on Saturday, October 4th. A big programme is being arranged, and all private owners are invited.

***Tales from the Tarmac!***

THE Anglo-American Oil Company is providing signposts for airmen on the roofs of its 600 depots in this country. Letters fifty feet in dimension, with giant arrows visible from 3,000 feet, will be painted on the top of oil tanks and the larger buildings. Other concerns with adequate roof space and a supply of white paint please copy this example which is certainly an excellent one.

MISS AMY JOHNSON took a refresher course at Heston with Captain V. H. Baker, the chief instructor, soon after her return from Australia. All amateur pilots can benefit from a spot of dual occasionally, especially in "forced landing" practice and the simpler aerobatics.

L.N.A.

*Capt. F. R. Matthews, the London Flying Club instructor, beside his single-seater "Puss" moth, in which he is attempting to fly to Australia in record time. He taught Miss Amy Johnson to fly*

I FIND that the interior decoration, the comfort and convenience of the saloon types of light 'planes are being improved rapidly, this as a direct result of women's interest in flying. What was good enough for mere man no longer passes the test when wives or otherwise give their opinion in the showroom or on the aerodrome before the deposit is paid, and the fair sex has seen to it that improvements have been made.

*BOOKS AND PEOPLE*

# ORDINARY WOMEN — By Ralph Straus

*Elliott and Fry*

*A recent photograph of the popular author, Miss Rose Macaulay. Her new book, "Staying with Relations" (Collins: 7s. 6d.) is reviewed on this page*

Were I asked to name the wittiest woman writer in England, I should probably say Rose Macaulay. And were I asked to choose out her wittiest book, I should certainly say *Orphan Island*, which is one of the few modern novels that I have read more than once and hope to read more than once again. But some of the others are almost equally delightful, and to-day when I open a new novel by Miss Macaulay I expect to be charmed and enchanted. I expect to be introduced to half a dozen droll folk who do droll things in an unexpectedly adventurous way. In other words, I expect to be given something very special indeed. And generally I am. Generally, but not always. Not, I regret to say, in *Staying With Relations* (Collins: 7s. 6d.).

A sadly disappointing book. Full of what are generally called good things, but too much guide-book and not enough story. And yet it has its distinctly Macaulayish idea, and is by no means without its drolleries. "Catherine Grey, a young female, and, like so many young females, a novelist, went to America one autumn and lectured its inhabitants on the Creation of Character in Fiction." That is the first sentence of the book, and it opens up the most agreeable vistas. I pictured to myself Catherine doing all kinds of excitingly improbable things, even becoming First Empress of the United States. At the least, I expected her to meet a seventy or eighty per cent. he-man somewhere in the Chicagoan wilds and decide, on his account, to give up fiction for farming or bootlegging, or some other more rational and healthier pursuit.

But no. Catherine obstinately refuses to do anything out of the ordinary. As it happens, she has a little clique of Anglo-American relations living away in the extreme South, and she pays them a visit. And, being a novelist, she quietly proceeds to estimate their various characters. Unfortunately, Miss Macaulay seems suddenly to have developed a strange and almost unholy interest in the newer geography. We are given the most detailed pictures of life on the edge of a Central American forest, but for the first ninety pages no story at all. Catherine just visits her relations.

And when the story does emerge, it is almost queerly commonplace.

*Yevonde*

*RICHARD ALDINGTON*

*Whose war book, "Death of a Hero," enjoyed a big success. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just published his new volume of war stories, "Roads to Glory," at 7s. 6d*

True, Catherine's view of her various cousins is rarely correct—even female novelists have lapses—and so the ending is not quite what you expect it to be; but can we really be more than mildly entertained by Mrs. Rickaby's silly flight from her bored husband, or by the judge's search for Mayan treasures underneath his house, or even by the iniquitously successful Mr. Phipps, alias van Tilden? I am ready to concede that Mr. Phipps himself is a great man—would that Miss Macaulay had given us the full history of his misspent life and allowed Catherine to remain peacefully at home!—but even with wit and geography to help him, he is not great enough to "make" this book.

Rosita Forbes is another witty woman who knows how to write, and I imagine that her new novel, *One Flesh* (Cassell: 7s. 6d.), will come in for a considerable amount of discussion, not only because of its general theme, but also because of its "chorus." And what, you may pertinently enquire, is the "chorus" of a novel? Well, Mrs. Forbes gives names to some of her characters, but allows others to retain a certain degree of anonymity: a Well-known Woman, a Cricket Blue, a Royalty, a Jew, a Man of Understanding, a Paragon, and so forth. And it is these others who form the chorus, among whom, she tells us, "there are many real people who will derive, I hope, as much pleasure in recognising themselves and each other as I have done in writing about them." Has, then, this new chorus come to stay? I wonder. It certainly seems an admirable way of avoiding the Law Courts, where novelists rarely shine.

To return to the theme of *One Flesh*. It is the story of a marriage which is little better than a mockery and yet one which seems to be inevitable. *She* is what I presume you would call an ordinary woman. Once, it is true, she was afraid of "the little beast," which is popularly supposed to reside inside most of us, but she falls in love in the usual way, and she cannot be blamed for marrying her man. Unfortunately, *he* is one of those pitiful, if slightly saintlike half-men, the last of a worn-out stock, who needs a mother and not a wife. You cannot help being sorry for the poor fellow—he *is* such a gentleman in spite of his silly ways. If he dabbles with fine brocades and cannot love in your true he-man way, is he to blame? After all, she must have known the kind of man she was marrying.

But what if the little beast, after years of repression, raises his head? What if virtue refuses to wait any longer for an adequate reward? Anything may happen. Zara has plenty of

*BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)*

friends who are very willing to take the place that her Christopher-Carlyon refuses to occupy. She is still in love with him, but —well, it is a very old story. The ascetic turns wanton. All very regrettable, no doubt, but hardly unexpected. Yet if Zara had but waited a little longer, a most suitable reward might have come her way. Her husband dies, but the Jew who would have given her all she wants knows what has happened: he politely bows himself out.

"THE LOSS OF THE 'POWELL'"

*A photograph included in "Danger River," by Clyde Eddy (Skeffington: 18s.). This book tells the thrilling story of a life-and-death struggle with the rapids of the world's most dangerous river*

A CLEVER and witty book, though I am not convinced by the portrait of Zara's husband. One knows his kind well enough, but is he not a little too elusive, a little too vague? And is his portrait quite complete? Apart from him, however, everybody is alive and kicking, and the picture of these times of ours is delectably up to date.

IT seems that I was wrong when I prophesied the early demise of the War book, though I stick to my opinion that by this time most people have had more than their fill of such books. There can be so little to be said which has not already been said dozens of times before. And yet merely because a good book happens to be about the War is no reason why its sales should suffer. There is, for instance, a new volume of war stories by Richard Aldington, the author of *Death of a Hero*. *Roads to Glory* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s*. 6*d*.) has the same bitter irony about it which gave to its predecessor its particular distinction.

MR. ALDINGTON feels bitterly about the *stupidity* of war, and is at no pains to hide his feelings. Especially is he angry with those who would write of the glorious romance of war. Real heroes, he knows, there were, but he would have you see them as he saw them himself. There were cowards and deserters as well, and in any war book that is to mirror the truth, these, he believes, must be given their place. But you will find nothing humorous in this book, and therein, perhaps, lies my one quarrel with its author. To complete his picture, I would have had him give us a roaring farce as well as these grim bits of reality. That, however, may be asking too much. In any case, these sketches and stories cannot be ignored.

## A FIRST AUTUMN LIBRARY LIST

***KING SPIDER. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. (Heinemann: 21s.)***

The initials, by the way, are important, because the Wyndham Lewis without the initials is the painter-philosopher whose recent novel, *Apes of God*, must be one of the largest novels ever published. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is the humorist, some of whose work has appeared in THE BYSTANDER; but at times he can be remarkably serious. He wrote a good book on François Villon, and that takes some doing. And here, in a series of attractively vivid pictures, he "presents" Louis XI of France, a strange personality about whom most of us know nothing at all. Good stuff this, though I must quarrel with the author for saying that the renowned Margot was a champion at *rackets*, which had not been invented in Louis's day. The jeu de paume which this redoubtable woman played so well—she could beat any man, though it is to be remembered that that was a chivalrous age—was *tennis*, which in her day was generally played with the hand suitably protected with a thick leather glove.

LOUIS XI

*A presumed portrait by Colin d'Amiens, which is the frontispiece to "King Spider," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. It is published by William Heinemann, Ltd., at 21/-*

***NERO, EMPEROR OF ROME. By Arthur Weigall. (Thornton Butterworth: 21s.)***

During the last ten years few of the old heroes have been permitted to remain comfortably on their pedestals. Mr. Weigall, perhaps setting a new fashion for biographers, tries to see the best in his man. Nobody ever imagined that Nero was a saint, but was he the monster of iniquity which some of the historians have called him? Mr. Weigall has chapter and verse to show that he was not. He does not attempt to cover up the artist-Emperor's many peculiarities and vices, but at the same time he manages to secure a measure of your sympathy for him. And what a picturesque story it all is!

***CASANOVA: HIS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN LIFE. By S. Guy Endore. (Routledge: 15s.)***

Casanova has also been called a monster of iniquity as well as a monstrous liar. In reality he was neither—just an amiable rascal with a remarkable brain—and recent investigations have shown that his admittedly not very straitlaced memoirs generally come fairly near to the truth. Mr. Endore sifts fact from fiction in an engaging way, and his portrait of this surprisingly ugly but surprisingly successful squire of dames is lively enough.

***MAKERS OF MODERN EUROPE. By Count Carlo Sforza. (Mathews and Mamot: 21s.)***

Solider though equally picturesque fare by the former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Personal impressions of such different rulers and statesmen as the Emperor Franz Joseph, Austen Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Foch, D'Annunzio, Mussolini and Curzon. Occasionally most piquant, with some stories about the great ones which are certainly new.

***THE STORY OF MARYAM. By John Anthony. (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.)***

You may remember a droll Indian novel called *The Story of Hassan*, of which I thought very highly indeed. This is its sequel, and it is almost as good. Hassan continues to tell us the story of his not altogether blameless young life, in the course of which he succeeds in getting the wife of his choice. Pleasantly indecorous, and plentifully supplied with highly diverting tales of Arabian Nights *genre*, Mr. Anthony is very good company indeed.

***PEARLS, ARMS AND HASHISH. By Henri de Monfried. (Gollancz: 18s.)***

A most unusual book. Strange and exciting and sometimes rather shocking, and almost incredible adventures out East by a Frenchman who commendably refused to be respectable, and turned a new kind of outlaw. Sometimes known as Abd-el-Hai. Smuggler, pirate, pearl-merchant, everything under the sun so long as it provided a spice of danger. And all set out in the most delightful way by Miss Ida Treat, who certainly gives this Red Sea devil his due.

***DANGER RIVER. By Clyde Eddy. (Skeffington: 18s.)***

The Colorado River, it would seem, is not quite so mild as the Thames. It is constantly showing its teeth. Three hundred rapids have given it a deservedly bad name. But one of these days it will be brought under control, and then the controllers may well be grateful to Mr. Eddy, who seems to have conquered its whole length with the loss of one small boat. He took a small party of students with him, and to judge by this spirited account they had their fill of dangerous adventure.

R. S.

# FAMOUS RACE-GOERS AT MUSSELBURGH

Sport and General

*Many notabilities were present at Musselburgh Races, near Edinburgh, last week. Above are seen Lady Rachel Douglas-Home (left) with Miss Dundas*

Topical

*This autumn meeting was attended by Princess Mary, who is seen on the left, accompanied by Lord and Lady Rosebery*

Sport and General

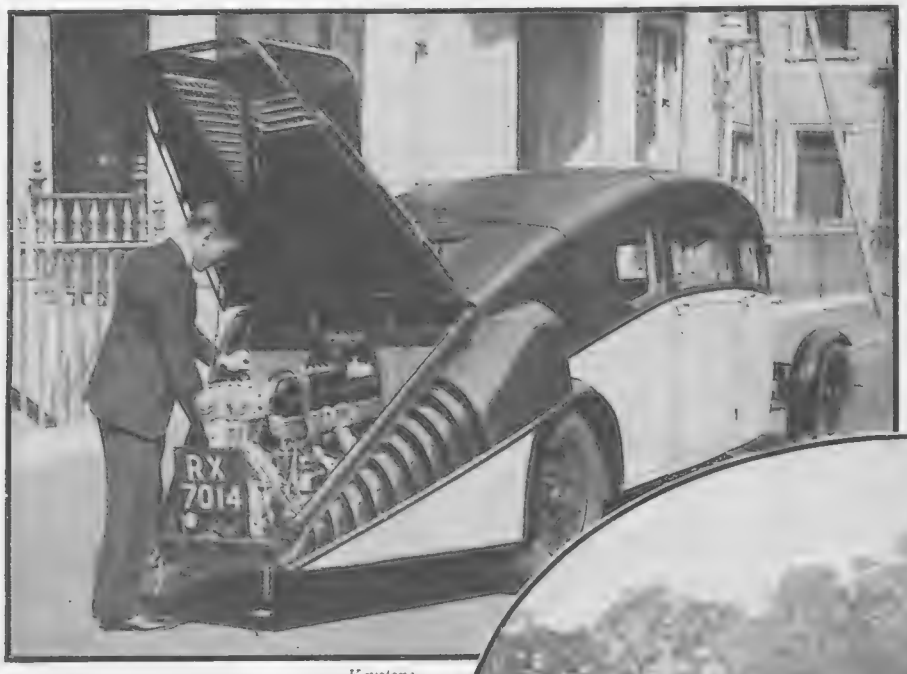
*Lady Haddington walking with Lord Dalmeny (left), son and heir of Lord Rosebery*

Topical

*Lord Harewood (left) discussing prospects with that inveterate race-goer, Lord Lonsdale*

*MOTOR NOTES*

# HORNS AND (H)ARISTOCRATS By E. M. Wright




Keystone

*Sir Dennistoun Burney, the designer of the airship R100, with the novel motor car he has designed and which he is shortly to place on the market. Sir Dennistoun is seen examining the engine, which is placed in the tail of the car*

EVERY British motorist wants a car which is different from all other cars. But, paradoxical though it may seem, the exclusive features which he so dearly prizes are in most cases but slavish imitations. What was originally devised to suit the special needs of one individual is apt to become the rage for no other reason than that it is the smart thing to do. Lately, for instance, it is alleged motorists have copied the exclusive note of the horn used on the Queen's car. If this be true, one must certainly sympathise with Her Majesty, since, unlike the King's cars, there is nothing otherwise to distinguish her motor from any other. One must certainly sympathise, too, with the police, who, it is stated, have been specially trained to recognise this peculiar and exclusive warning note. Poor Robert on point duty must now rapidly decide whether it does, in fact, signify Her Majesty's approach, or merely that of plain Mr. Smith.

***

ONE must laugh, however, at the petty snobbishness of the individuals who have presumably gone to the trouble and expense of fitting this special horn merely because of its Royal associations. To describe their action as lese-majestie is, however, to take them perhaps a little too seriously. I am, indeed, more than doubtful whether, in fact, Her Majesty's car has a horn specially devised for her car only. Even if it was intended for her exclusive use, who is to blame the motorist who buys identically the same horn? Even supposing he knew of this there would still appear to be no reason whatever why he should not fit it to his own car. Quite obviously this horn is on sale in the ordinary way. It is manifestly absurd to suggest that some humble, but intensely patriotic, citizen has listened carefully to the peculiar sound of this special horn, whistled the tune over till he is note perfect, and then hurried off to some accessory maker, played it over on the piano, and ordered one exactly similar.

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IT is equally absurd, I think, to imagine the maker deliberately betraying State secrets. Is it not just possible that he has made a special horn for the Queen's car, and, being a wily fellow with some knowledge of human nature, has labelled his product "as supplied to Her Majesty the Queen"? He knows how to tickle the ears of the groundlings. He knows the deep-rooted snobbery of some of his clients, and who are we to blame him if he profits thereby?

***

THIS mania for exclusiveness is all pure snobbery. The much-vaunted "individuality" of British cars is mere pandering to our love of caste. Mr. Smith, of "Mon Repos," Suburbia, and his good lady, spend half their lives scoring points on that vulgar, ill-bred fellow Jones and his equally vulgar spouse of "The Laburnums." Indeed, were some of our bigger makers to broadcast their production figures I fear their sales would suffer. It would come as a rude shock to many an owner to realise that there were tens of thousands of cars identical with his own.

***

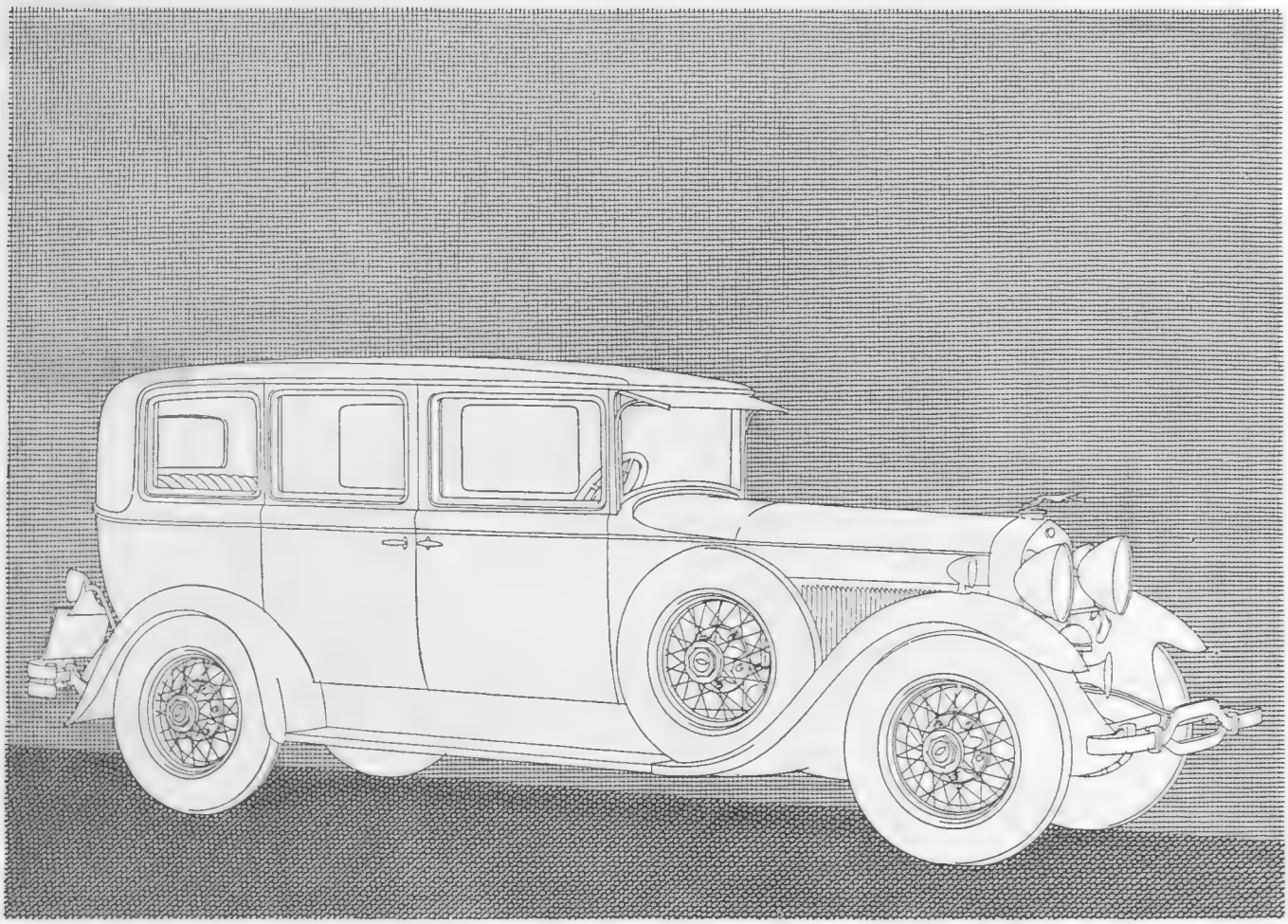
CURIOUSLY enough, the Americans, who are in many things much more snobbish than ourselves, are quite content to own mass-produced cars with no pretence at individuality. To own a car in this country still possesses social significance. Cars in America are regarded from a purely utilitarian point of view. The average American buys a car as he buys a pair of shoes. It does not matter in the least to him that there are thousands of others exactly the same, provided that particular make suits his own particular needs.

***

THE Englishman, on the other hand, buys a car as he would an engagement ring. He wants it as different as possible from all other rings. Better even than individuality, however, is the hall-mark of Royal or noble patronage. Mr. Jones will never rule his parish, let alone an Empire. He can wash, however, with the same soap as is supplied to Royal bathrooms. His little mass-produced car may tootle like the purring limousine in which Her Majesty rides—but why mock? Our whole social system is based on our worship of the great.

(Continued on page 656)

*A six-cylinder Singer car in a rural setting seven miles from London. Waterfowl are nesting on the lake within 40 yards of buses, shops and trams*



THE LINCOLN SEVEN-PASSENGER SALOON

# NO COMPROMISE WHATEVER

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THE LINCOLN

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 654)

***The Car of the Future***

EVERY now and then one comes across Jules Verne pictures and descriptions of "The Car of the Future." I have just, however, learned of one such car which has so far progressed from the dream stage that it is now actually available to private purchasers. Called the Burney Streamline Car, and designed by Sir Dennistoun Burney, who planned the airship R100, it is quite the most unorthodox vehicle to be produced in this decade. Two models are available, one with the suggestion of a bonnet and the other with a straight front sweeping in a shallow and unbroken ellipse from the front axle to the rudder at the rear.

***

FOLLOWING the courageous example of the Trojan concern last year, the makers have installed the engine in the tail behind the rear axle, so that all seven passengers are accommodated between the axles. Profiting by his experience in airship construction, Sir Dennistoun Burney has sought to reduce wind resistance to a minimum. Not even the head lamps break the car's sweeping lines. The result is that with only a moderate sized eight-cylinder engine this seven-seater limousine has a cruising speed of about 70 m.p.h. and a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. There is scarcely a feature in which this car does not depart from standard practice.

***

THE new Daimler is chiefly interesting by reason of its incorporating the new Daimler transmission system. This has the Daimler hydraulic clutch and four-speed self-changing gear box of the same type as has become familiar on the larger Armstrong-Siddeleys. Light alloys have been extensively used throughout the chassis, thereby reducing the weight considerable, and the centre of gravity of the whole construction has been lowered as far as possible, so making for safety. Three wheelbase lengths are supplied, viz., 13ft. 11in., 12ft. 3½in., and 11ft. 6in., the prices being £1,350, £1,200 and £1,100 respectively. The R.A.C. rating is 40.1 h.p.

***

BENTLEY cars grow bigger and bigger. There is now to be an 8-litre model in addition, of course, to the 4½-litre, the 6½-litre, and the 6½-litre Speed Six, all of which will remain unchanged both as regards specification and price. This new 8-litre Bentley is designed to give even greater silence, refinement, and comfort. It has a new design of four-speed gear box giving a greater degree of silence on the indirect ratios. A long and a short chassis with a 12ft. and 13ft. wheelbase respectively are available at £1,850.

***

THE Humber people are retaining for 1931 the popular 16/50 h.p. Snipe and Pullman models. Many improvements have been added and prices have been lowered. Engine power has been increased and engine silence noticeably improved. All models now have central gear change and thermostatically operated radiator shutters and safety glass, and the saloons are wider. E. M. W.

*Herbert Sutcliffe, the famous Yorkshire and England cricketer, with his new 16 h.p. Sunbeam Weymann saloon. It was supplied to him through C. R. Andrews (Motors), Ltd., of 50, Berkeley Street, W.1*

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DEER STALKING IN LONDON *Fox*

*The periodical thinning-out of the deer in Richmond Park started last week. The superintendent is seen bringing down a victim from the saddle*

# LORD TITCHFIELD'S STAG

## By "Clodhopper"

NOTWITHSTANDING that the weather on the northern moors and in the glens and corries has of late been most unsettled, sport, both with stags and grouse, continues to be so good that the majority of landlords and lessees of big southern partridge manors still remain on the farther side of the Scottish border.

THE very fact that young grouse in splendid condition have for some time past been sold by London game-dealers at five shillings, and even less, a brace, speaks eloquently of a heavy grouse crop. I also hear that choice fat red-deer venison may at present be bought in some of the Highland towns for the modest sum of saxpence per pound.

THE huge 25-st. stag secured last week by the Marquess of Titchfield, in his father the Duke of Portland's famous Langwell forest, Caithness, has been sent to Welbeck Abbey. I understand from a Clipstone sportsman that after being on public show for a few days this gigantic specimen of our native wild red deer was, at the wish of the Duchess of Portland, cut up and distributed to the families of the sick miners in the neighbourhood of the Dukeries. It is to be hoped that the kindness of her Grace, whose womanly thought and sympathy for her less fortunate neighbours is proverbial, will be appreciated by the worthy recipients of the gifts of venison. It occurs to us, however, that a taste for such savoury and delicious game has often to be acquired.

WHILE speaking of venison, it is passing strange that so few modern hostesses and housewives know anything about the great culinary and nutritious properties of the meat of both red and fallow deer, especially with regard to that of park-fed buck venison. I do not know what the London prices for venison may be. In Nottingham and other large provincial towns joints of any weight from a pound upwards will be cut from the best parts of a fat buck for less than a shilling a pound during the season. As to whether venison should be well hung or eaten fresh is merely a matter of taste. In any case, it lends itself to many different modes of cooking—roasting, hashing, en casserole, in a pasty and so forth—while deer kidneys, grilled lightly in their own casing of fat, provide a bonne-bouche fit for the gods and mundane epicures.

BUT as these Notes are not supposed to be devoted to the culinary art, I will hark back to the subject of shooting. With the exception of a few brace of partridges killed by the keepers for the roasting-spit or to enter young retrievers and spaniels to feathered game, hardly a shot will yet have been fired on any of the principal English sporting estates. Nor is there likely to be any organised partridge-driving on an extensive scale for some little time to come over such famous manors as Wretham Hall, Six-Mile Bottom, Rufford, Welbeck, and other big shoots in the Midlands and in the eastern and southern counties.

### MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

#### PARTRIDGE VERSUS PHEASANT

**IN a season of high anticipations and moderate expectations the policy towards game preservation demands close scrutiny, more particularly to enquire whether the partridge has not lost its place as the premier game species in what may be termed non-moorland country. Reduced cultivation, the ever-increasing areas which for want of attention become vermin sanctuaries, and its remarkable sensitiveness to the accident of weather combine to build up a discouraging total of handicaps. By contrast the pheasant is easy to produce up to any given total, the young broods are under supervision during the delicate period, and as the bird must be fed artificially the scarcity of stubbles and the occupation of what remain by hordes of domestic poultry do not imply a serious deficiency of provender. Mature birds being amenable to enclosure in pens unlimited eggs are available in the breeding season. The arguments could be extended, but there is no need when every reader could add instances from his own experience. All will retain a soft spot for the partridge, but granting that plentiful sport with the gun will always be costly the time seems arrived for recognising that except in exclusively partridge country pheasants return the best dividend on whatever expenditure is incurred. Finally, in good seasons, wild birds take full advantage of the genial conditions.**

*Topical*

THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD

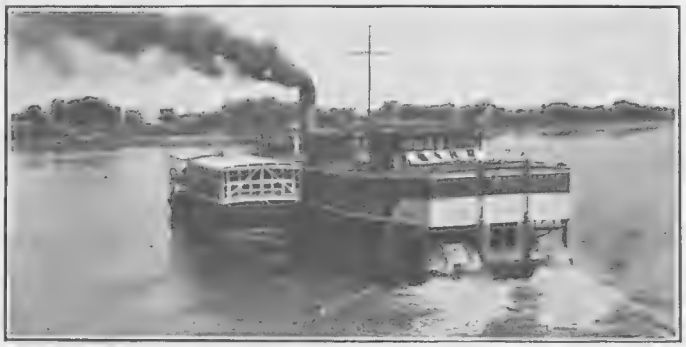
*Who recently bagged a magnificent 25-stone stag in Langwell Forest. It has been sent to Welbeck Abbey*

THAT partridges were unusually wild during the early part of September even was made apparent to me in the course of a day's "walking up" with four other guns over a rough but well-stocked 1,200-acre shoot on the Essex and Suffolk borders.

THE coveys, generally speaking, were big and remarkably strong on the wing; not a gun, I was told, had been fired on the land since the middle of August, when toll was taken of the young home-bred mallard in the marsh dykes and fleets; the brace of Labradors which accompanied us were remarkably steady, three-season dogs; while a soft but refreshing breeze from the North Sea lent the finishing touch to what promised to be a "perfect day's sport." But, alas! neither tall rough grass nor the thick clover-lay on the stubbles would hold those beautiful, albeit wary, coveys of partridges long enough for us to approach within possible shot of them. Later in the day, when the birds resorted to the shelter afforded by the roots, a fairly good bag was amassed.

# SUDAN

Tourists can reach KHARTOUM *viâ* EGYPT, or proceed to PORT SUDAN direct by various steamship lines. Passengers travel in complete comfort both by rail and river. The GRAND HOTEL, KHARTOUM, and the PORT SUDAN HOTEL are under the Management of the Railways and Steamers Department. During the winter months the social life of KHARTOUM is at its height, and tours of great interest are organised for the benefit of visitors.



S.S. "GEDID" LEAVING KHARTOUM FOR SOUTH.

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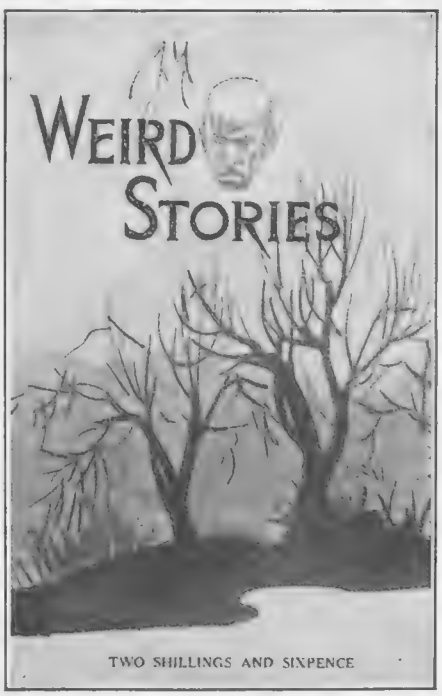
As the number of steamers available is subject to the demands of river traffic, prospective charterers should make early application. Excursions can also be arranged in conjunction with the Game Warden, Khartoum, for those wishing to shoot in the Blue Nile, Kordofan or Dongola Districts.

*Full particulars from—*

**SUDAN GOVERNMENT, LONDON OFFICE,**
**WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.**

*Telegrams: Sudanology, Sowest, London.* *Telephone: Victoria* 6313.



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Also in Macclesfield pure silk crêpe in plain colourings. In pink, ivory, coral, green, sky, cerise and lime.
**6½ Gns.**

FUR RENOVATION AND REMODELLING SHOULD BE PUT IN HAND NOW. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment, which will be unavoidable during the winter months. Our new winter models are now in stock and can be copied.

**Debenham & Freebody**
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(Cavendish Square) London W.1

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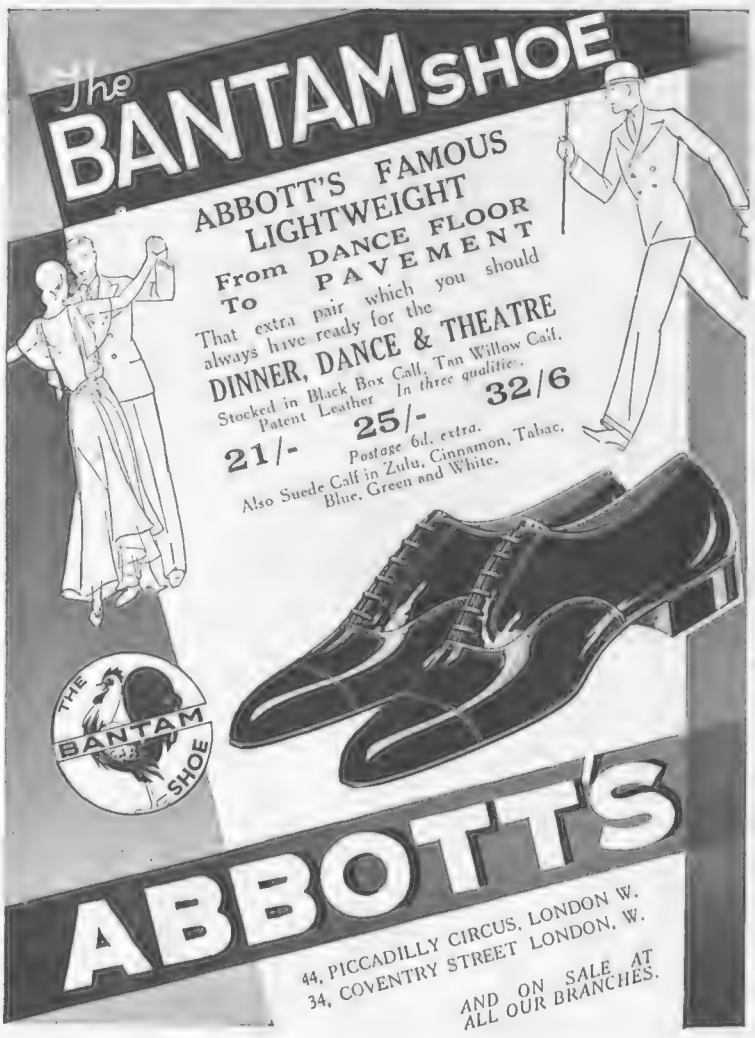

# Fashions Fancies

*Exclusive* BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Lenare*

## A DUAL IMPRESSION OF A FORMAL AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE

*Black pony cloth is used for the wrap which completes this beautiful ensemble, from the Coat and Skirt Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Cut on long, slender lines, it has an upstanding collar of soft black fur, the scalloped hem being similarly bordered. This lifts at the front to reveal the black georgette frock—a copy of one of Patou's most successful models. The panelled godet skirt is surmounted by a flat basque, and the pink chemisette is decorated with broderie Anglaise, the design outlined in beads*

# AUTUMN FABRICS By Olive Caley Smith

### *Tweeds and Furs*

FOR practical wear, both in and out of town, tweeds reign supreme. They are, however, very different from those of last year, colourings, texture, and design all having changed. On the whole there is a pronounced feeling for the closely woven, hard-wearing types. Fine diagonal tweeds, very like men's suiting, are used for strictly tailored dresses and for cardigan suits, while firmly constructed chiffon weaves and soft jersey tweeds express supple frocks with godet skirts. Rough-surfaced fabrics are favoured for winter coats, in magpie shades, mahogany brown, wine, raisin, plum tones, blues —saxe and royal—and sometimes green, while fur trims them rather sparingly, but with great originality.

*On the left is an admirably tailored suit from Smee, of South Molton Street. It is expressed in plain and patterned tweed, and has a neat double-breasted coat. The Celes blouses are made of heavy Macclesfield crêpe and show the newest lines. Both have embroidered motifs and achieve their effect through simplicity and perfection of detail*

### *New Tailored Suits*

SUITS for the autumn are extremely interesting. Hip-length, three-quarter, and full-length coats are equally correct, but *always* line is the thing that matters, and the cut is of vital importance. Illustrated on the left of this page is an admirable outfit from Smee, of 55, South Molton Street. He expresses it in two tweeds—a basket weave one in blue, black and white for the skirt, and a closely woven plain blue one for the double-breasted coat. Excellently tailored made-to-measure suits for 6 guineas are a speciality of this firm.

### *Important Blouses*

TUCK-IN blouses are a feature of many smart ensembles. For street wear Celes shirts are a happy choice, as they have a way of always looking exactly right. Sketched on this page are two such blouses, the first of which has a monogram in contrasting colours upon the pocket, while the second has a flattering scalloped neckline, with scarf ends threaded through an embroidered slot. Both are made of heavy Macclesfield crêpe, which washes splendidly and is available in the loveliest of colours, all of which are guaranteed unfadable.

### *British Enterprise*

IN Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch, a new mammoth building has arisen. It is the West End Gamages. Here, amid modern surroundings which are a delight to the eye, and incorporate the most modern systems of ventilation and lighting, women may find everything that they can need—for themselves, their home, and their children. Clothes for town and sports wear, departments for ladies' and children's, hairdressing, for men's sports clothes, and for toys—all are there, as well as a post office, a splendid restaurant, and beautiful writing and rest rooms—to say nothing of the staff quarters, which have been planned with as much care and forethought as those provided for the customers. A visit should certainly be paid to this department store.

B. Leedham

## A TRAGIC POSE

*The camera as a medium of Art is now definitely established and the above study bears striking testimony to the artistic effects which are now being obtained by the best photographers. It is included in the Coming-of-Age Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at 5a, Pall Mall East, S.W.1*

*"Fisherman's Beach." A wonderful study on the seashore by F. J. Mortimer from the Twenty-first Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography. The exhibition, which will remain open until October 4, is housed at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall East*

# Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

## Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half-ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

# Throat dry and sore?

The power of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles to soothe and refresh the throat wins for them the recommendation of all who try them. Throat comfort acquires a new meaning, once you have experienced the effect of an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille. Specially made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants—they are delicious.

**Allenburys** *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

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# Ask your wife, if you dare!

It's a fact; even your wife won't tell you about some things.

This was a distressing case of a young woman who had been married only a short time. For some reason her husband had become a little careless about certain things in which he had been most careful before marriage.

And it distressed her, caused her to worry and even wonder if his love might be lessening.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But, usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of undiluted Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for Sore Throat, Colds, Influenza, etc., possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Being antiseptic, it checks food fermentation in the mouth—a cause of odours. Being also a germicide capable of destroying 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, it attacks mouth, nose and throat infections — another cause of odours. Then, it gets rid of the odours themselves *not* by substituting some other odour but by really removing the old one. The odour of Listerine Antiseptic itself quickly disappears, so that its systematic use puts you on the safe and polite side.

Sold by all chemists in three sizes. **14**-oz. **5/6**, **7**-oz. **3/-**, and **3**-oz. **1/6**. Refer to pamphlet that comes with the bottle for its many other uses.

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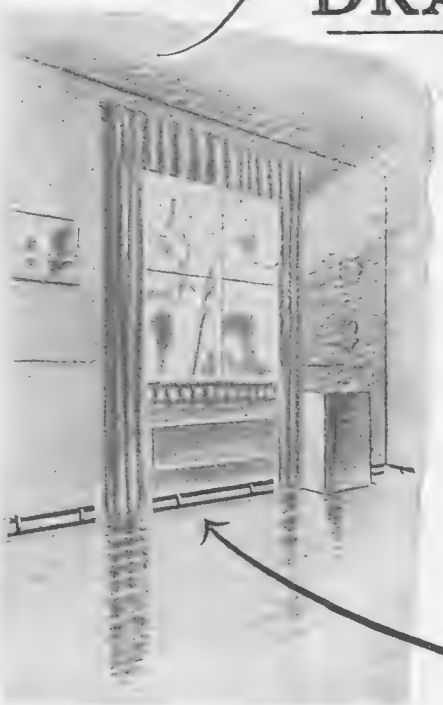

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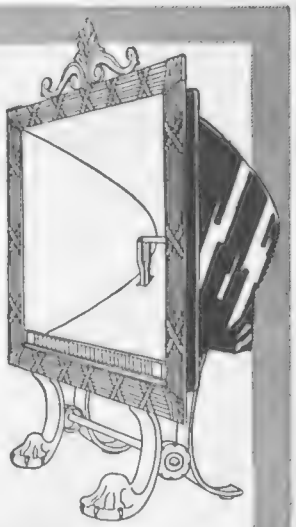

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ELECTRICITY is the immaculate servant. It cooks and cleans, heats, decorates, beautifies, and is a marvellous health-giver. No wonder the inventive electrician expends his energies in creating delectable gadgets.

The new gadgets are real labour-savers and serve a genuine purpose, not being just electric toys, made to get out of order. A process of elimination in electrical appliances has brought the existing ones into the utility rather than the novelty class.

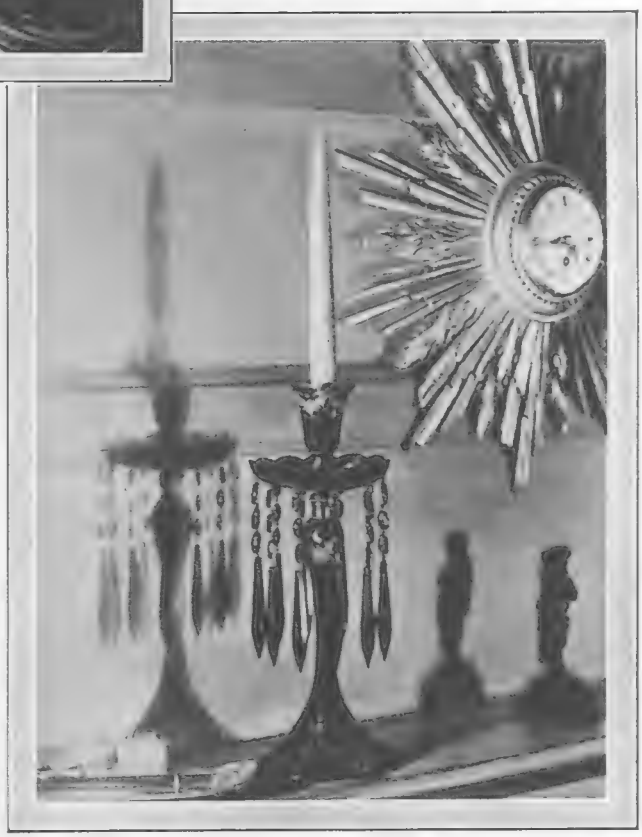
For example, the new "Magnet" safety-first kettle will not only boil three pints of water in less than ten minutes, but is so constructed that when it boils it will not boil over or boil dry.

A toaster will toast two sides of bread at once and two pieces at a time, and a shaving mirror has had the light concealed in the rim so that no shadow is thrown upon the glass. An excellent gadget this, I imagine, for shaving, but just as useful for putting in exactly the right spot the final dab of powder or lipstick.

For the car, a dual purpose lamp called Peter the Heater combines the service of a radiator lamp on cold days and a portable lamp which can be hung up to light the garage or for examining any part of the car.

Electric gadgets—their name is Legion. Where current is cheap the whole work of the house can be done by the switch

*A dinner party by candle-light. The slim and elegant candles of "Nell Gwynn" pattern, as made by Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., give a kind and pleasing illumination to the festive scene*



*The "Venetian" candle, manufactured by Messrs. Prices Patent Candle Co., Ltd., shown to perfection in a graceful candlestick of beautiful design*

## NATURALISM:

### THE COMING VOGUE IN INTERIOR LIGHTING AND HEATING

*By PEARL ASHTON*

THERE is to be an "ism" this winter in our new methods of lighting and heating. But, if I have read the trend of the times aright, it is to be the most sophisticated "ism" of them all and the simplest. Gone are the "isms and prisms" of yesteryear, the Cubism, the Futurism, the Realism. In their stead comes "Naturalism," the natural light and warmth of an English summer afternoon. There may be the gloom outside the house, the melancholy chiaroscuro of a winter twilight. Inside it will be eternal summer time, the cloudless light of longer days. In our homes, as in Tennyson's Lotus land, it can be "always afternoon."

Indirect lighting will achieve the miracle. It is not an expensive method and is run well within the means of the owners of small houses. The principle is simple. It is nothing more than electric light from a concealed source, or sources, directed towards a reflecting area, usually the wall or ceiling. Only the reflected light is thrown into the room; the bright centre of the electric lamp is hidden from view, maybe in a niche or a frieze.

Built-in light offers marvellous scope for the amateur interior decorator to experiment with. The cold gleaming of the moon, the pale yellow of the early morning, or the pink tinge of an afterglow are hers to command.

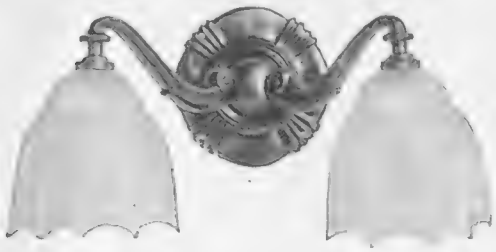
Table standards and wall lamps have many adherents for supplementary lighting. Planes of frosted glass with figures or flowers in relief are the most favoured forms when allied to either nickel or silver.

TUBE lighting, first cousin to tube heating, gives out an even, shadowless light. It needs a room furnished and fitted on the tubular lines of Swedish "Functional" furniture to be seen at its best.

In the all-electric house heating has been developed along health lines, especially in the construction of stoves. The stagnant heat of the erstwhile heater has been replaced by warm air that is kept continually in gentle circulation. The flickering rays of coal fires are simulated by means of tubed glass or reflected copper.

***An Immaculate Servant***

THIS is an electric age, and more and more electrical plant is being installed in country houses every year. One of the best and most economical is the Kohler Automatic plant, which needs no storage batteries, is noiseless, steady, and provides light and power at the turn of any switch giving a standard 100-volt current. Consisting of a moderate-speed multi-cylinder engine and dynamo forming one unit, it is both economical and reliable. Messrs. Hampton's, Ltd., of Pall Mall East, S.W.1, who install it, will be pleased to supply full details.



*A simple but effective electric light wall-bracket, made in antique brass, oxidised copper or oxidised silver by the G.E.C. Co., Ltd.*

of a button. All these are manufactured by the General Electric Co., Ltd. The electric fire is also increasing in efficiency and, therefore, popularity. One of the best on the market is made by Ferranti, Ltd., to the distinctive appearance of which is added economy in current and a maximum of heat.

### *The Inexpensiveness of Central Heating*

No house of any size on the Continent, as I have said, is without some system of central heating, yet the majority of us in this country go grumbling through these dreary winters without doing something about it.

During the past year there has been a definite advance in the construction of central heating and pumping plant. The cost is less, the production increased. Do you know that for about £50 central heating can be installed into a new house, whilst for a few pounds more an old house can have this added comfort. I look at it in this way. From a £50 investment one gets about £2 5s. a year if one is lucky. Yet invested in a central heating installation there is hot water every night and morning and warmed rooms and corridors in winter. Isn't it worth it?

There are numerous "plants" on the market of varying degrees of merit. The points of each should be studied and applied theoretically to your house's needs before the work is contracted for. The maximum number of lighting points, radiators, hot-water taps and their placing should be thought out, and a good contractor consulted. Botched installation can be a constant source of worry and irritation to the whole household.

A well-laid plant will have the connecting pipes hidden from view and the radiators placed so that they become an integral part of the decoration of the room.

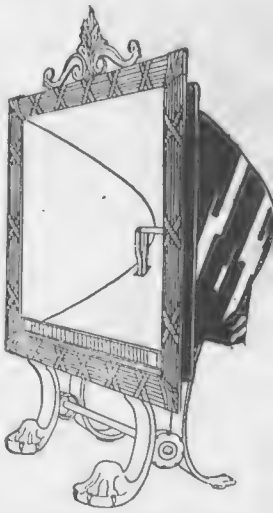
When counting up the radiators, please allot at least one to the landing and hall. They can be such cold, uninviting places to pass through on one's way to bed on a winter's night.

A simple form of central heating can, it is claimed, be secured for less than £5. It seems impossible—but that is virtually what one achieves when an "Esse" stove is installed, for they throw out such a steady, radiant heat that, if placed in the hall or in a central room, the door of which is left open, they will warm the whole house and effectively prevent any possibility of burst pipes inside the building. For £4 9s. one may become the possessor of a "Jeunesse," which, burning walnut-size anthracite, will keep a 15ft. square room at a comfortable temperature for a fraction over 2s. a week. At a slightly higher cost they are obtainable in coloured enamel to blend with the scheme of interior decoration. As may be seen from the photograph on this page, they may be recessed and surrounded with a grill, through which the heat from the back of the stove is thrown out into the room. Or they can be fixed in front of the existing grate. "Esse" stoves are specially designed for all-night duty, and may be left unattended with perfect safety.

*A picture of the "Esse" anthracite stove which, burning day and night with the minimum of attention, will keep a house warm throughout a cold night if the door of the room in which it is fixed is kept open. Manufactured by Messrs Smith and Wellstood*

For the all-electric house the tubular system of heating, as provided by Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., has more than practicability to recommend it. The two parallel tubes, which are run along the walls in place of a skirting, distribute an even heat all over the room, and are not undecorative.

The mainspring of successful central heating is the generating plant, and technical advice should be taken in its selection. A plant much liked by practical domestic architects is the high-efficiency petrol-gas generator, which can be operated by hand, as manufactured by Messrs. Spensers, of 6B, London Street, W.2. It gives to a country house the same service in cooking, heating and lighting that one has learned to expect in a modern Mayfair flat.



*One of the models of the modern electric fires, the product of Ferranti, Ltd.*

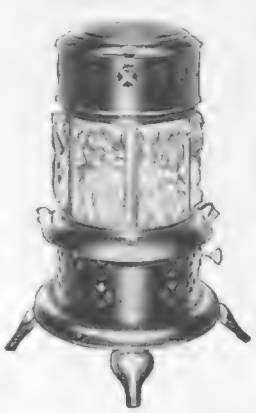
Furthermore, a plant of this type is foolproof even for a post-War handy-man to look after. It starts and stops automatically and is entirely self-controlled.

### *Liquid Heat*

For the week-end cottage or hired house where adamant landlords refuse to visualise the quick return on outlay expended on central heating, one of the new model oil heaters is indubitably desirable. The one I have in mind is Rippingille's "Fyrays" heater; it costs less than three pounds, and is fitted with a large globe of coloured glass that diffuses a glowing warmth closely resembling a coal fire.

A stove of this type is fitted with a three hundred candle-power burner, and stands less than two feet high.

The tank and burner are made of either brass or nickel, so that it is far from being unsightly. A Bail handle that is impervious to heat makes transport from one room to another a simple matter. As far as I can see, it has no drawbacks. So why be cold? Let us give up this pose of pretending to like our houses the temperature of Arctic regions. It is natural for all human beings to be attracted by warmth.



*Rippingille's "Fyrays" heater, with 300 c.p. burner, an oil stove which gives all the effects of a glowing coal fire*

### *Candles for Company*

I feel, however far we advance in the realms

(Continued on page vi)

EVERY READER OF "THE BYSTANDER" IS INVITED TO WRITE FOR

**HAMPTONS' New Book, C.157, "INEXPENSIVE HOME FURNISHINGS"**

containing nearly 100 pages of illustrations of the best values yet produced in inexpensive furniture, carpets, fabrics and everything required for the complete furnishing of a Six-roomed House for about £250.

*The special object of this book is to show, conclusively, that in Hamptons' Showrooms there is always to be found an ample selection of inexpensive Furnishings of every description—tasteful, substantially-made Furniture, decorative and dependable Carpets, Curtains, Furnishing Fabrics, etc., which for least expense and value for money cannot be surpassed.*

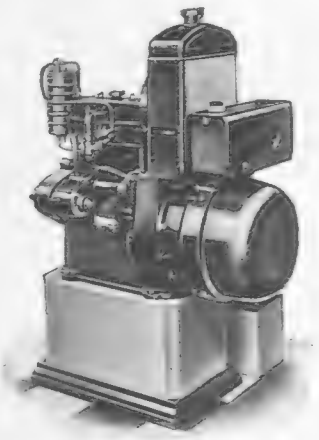
# ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANTS

**Hamptons' Automatic Electric Plant Model "S"**

CAPACITY 800 watts—110 volts D.C.

For cottages, bungalows or small houses this is the ideal unit. It will light at one time 27 lamps, each of 30 watts (24 candle power) or a proportionate number of larger and smaller lamps.

When all the power is not required for lighting it is available for the usual domestic appliances such as electric irons, vacuum sweepers, or for pumping water.



**800 Watts Model. Price £124**

*See illustrated folder giving full particulars, post free on application.*

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

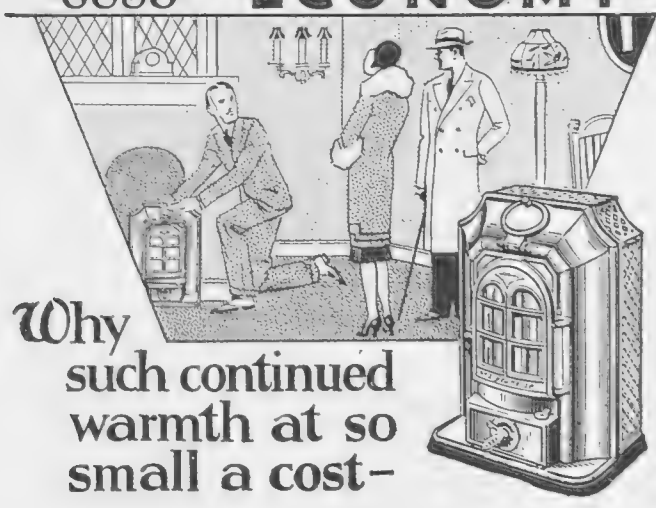
# HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030

*Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain*



"ESSE" ECONOMY



**Why such continued warmth at so small a cost—**

Ask your Stove Dealer to show you the interior of the "ESSE" Stove, how the reserve of fuel remains unkindled until required to maintain combustion, how the heat travels round the encircling flues radiating comfort. Fed once daily with anthracite—the clean, smokeless fuel—the fire need never go out.

Room 14 ft. by 16 ft. well heated for **24 Hours for 4½d.**

Large variety of designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

"ESSE"

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.



Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

**There's no use talking**

DISTILLED OVER TEN YEARS AGO
*THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT TO-DAY!*

**taste it!**

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland by CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, Leith, and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

*Continued from page* iv)
of scientific lighting, there will always be candles. They are such human, variable things that they will prevent us from becoming Robot in our taste.

They remind us that life is never "always afternoon." At dinner-time, in their silver sconces or coloured glass holders, they focus an attention upon the table.

Their soft light flickers over the faces of the diners, uniting hostess and guests. The sparkling glass and silver, the colour of table napery and evening gowns, the patine of old mahogany are blended into a lovely picture by the mellowing light. The design and colouring of the candles have been brought to perfection since their promotion to guest nights.

Whatever character or style your dining-room, there are candles for the dining-tables and candlesticks to hold them.

THE tall Venetian "taper," made by Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., in a branched candelabra of Sheffield plate, recalls the spirit of eighteenth-century elegance. That twisted Jacobean calls for a panelled background, whilst the country cottage can have real willow pattern candles to match the dinner service. There are candles two feet long, there are others a mere finger length in height. There are antique candles, period and Oriental ones—Messrs. Price specialise in a Venetian candle—and, last of all, my favourite long slim tapers of wax that are the replicas of age-old ivory.

## *A LITTLE TIFF*

*Between two Contributors to* THE BYSTANDER

***Miss Ethel Mannin writes:—***

THERE is no reason why Mr. Aubrey Hammond should not have his clean fun at my expense, and, indeed, it makes an amusing article, and I am all for being amused, even when the laugh is against oneself; but there *is* every reason why Mr. Hammond should avoid jumping to false conclusions. He has no reason to assume that I derived my knowledge of the German sun-bathing movement "from a bunch of rather vulgar publications which have a great sale amongst tourists." It is, indeed, impertinent of him to assume anything of the kind. I drew my observations from the bathing stations at the lakes at Potsdam, and along the banks of the Rhine at Cologne.

***Mr. Aubrey Hammond replies:—***

MISS ETHEL MANNIN'S protest has caused me deep concern and sleepless nights. Indeed, I have lost weight on learning that she has taken exception to what I wrote.

Of course, I accept Miss Mannin's assurance that her visions of nakedness were derived from original sources and not from vulgar publications, but I would, in all humility, suggest that the bathing stations at Potsdam and along the banks of the Rhine are as much "on the beat" of trippers as the vulgar publications on sale at the principal railway station bookstalls.

Anyway, I hand Miss Ethel Mannin the laurels for alluding to my effort as a piece of "clean fun"—as clean, I hope, as the beautiful bodies which Miss Mannin so greatly admires.

## JUST OVERHEARD!

THE only really nice thing about being a debt collector is that the people you call on do not return your visits.

* * *

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing—especially at Contract.

* * *

WHEN a man needs a friend he often makes a mistake and gets a wife.

* * *

THERE'S no time like the present for putting off things.

* * *

IT'S lucky that lipsticks are not fattening.

* * *

KEEP your fingers away from an electric fan. It doesn't know you want them.

* * *

ALMOST every car you buy nowadays can go sixty or seventy miles an hour except on Sundays and Bank Holidays.

* * *

DEFINITION of an actor: A man who tries to be everything but himself.

* * *

A JOKE is never really old until it has been in three musical comedies and two Sunday papers.


**The secret of perfect shaving?**

**—here it is!**

An entirely new Razor *with* **HOLLOW GROUND BLADES**

**Perfect self-stropping**

The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation. The blades have long life—entailing a big reduction in your blade bill.

*Price* **21/-**

*Other sets from 7/6 to 42/-.*

All Sets complete with long-life Hollow Ground Blades, self-stropping razor and strop.

*Packets of Blades 4/6.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**Wilkinson Safety Razor**

EMPIRE MODEL

Wilkinson Sword Co., Ltd., 53, Pall Mall, London. Factory: Acton, London.

**BOLS**

LIQUEURS & V·O·GENEVA

Careful . . . don't spill . . . gorgeous colour, isn't it? Aroma, too . . . exquisite. Well, here's luck . . . Jove! that's a marvellous liqueur . . . of course . . . it's Bols.

*Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.*

*Wholesale Agents:* BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C. 3

1575

"Cocktail" Slippers
by courtesy of H. & M. Rayne, Ltd

# You can have prettier ankles

YOUR hat may suit you perfectly: your gown be divinely chic. But are your ankles as attractively clad as they could be?

Clever women know there is but one satisfactory way of making ankles really pretty. And that is . . . to wear none but the higher-grade of Silk Stockings.

This is the exact reason why Women - who - Make - the - Most - of - Themselves insist upon being supplied with Jackdaw brand Stockings—the only kind *Tailored-in-Pure-Silk.* Jackdaw Silk Stockings give you the wonderfully-smooth even texture; the natural rich sheen; the beautiful elasticity unobtainable except in the *best* Silk Stockings. Above all, Jackdaw Stockings are "tailored" to nestle snugly and wrinkle-free to every line of leg and ankle. They keep their shape to the last. No uneven strains to develop into ladders and rips. No seam under the foot. Exclusive shades.

Mr. Charles B. Cochran, the famous Theatrical Producer, says:—

*"I think beautifully shaped and beautifully clad ankles are more important than mere facial prettiness."*

Charles B. Cochran

Jackdaw Stockings are a dress luxury every woman can afford. Seamless, 3/11. Fully-Fashioned, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11 9/11 per pair. Obtainable almost everywhere. Should difficulty arise apply for address of nearest dealer to:
Jackdaw Hosiery, Leith House, 22 Wood Street London, E.C.2.

Jackdaw
TAILORED IN PURE SILK STOCKINGS
fully fashioned from 4/11

Samson Clark

# THE GOURMET — By Emilia

**Luncheon**

HORS D'ŒUVRES
(HOMARD À L'ASPIC).

OMELETTE AUX ROGNONS.

SALMIS DE GROUSE.
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES.
HARICOTS VERTS.

CROÛTES AUX BANANES.

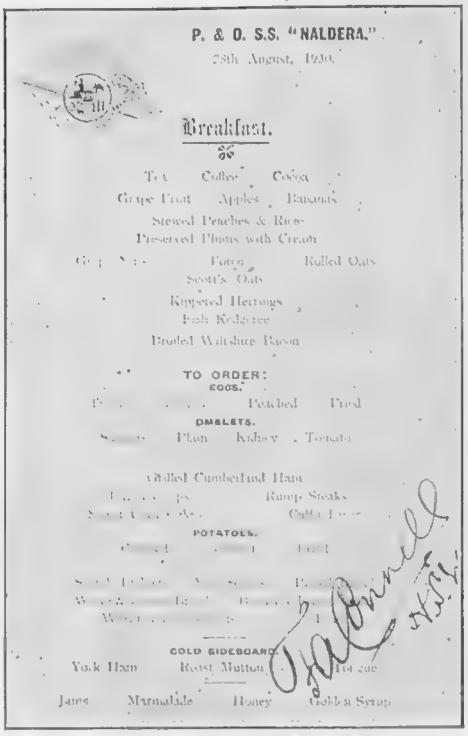
CAFÉ.

### *Homard a l'Aspic*

LINE some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster cut small, then some slices of skinned tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress.

### *Omelette aux Rognons*

BREAK five eggs into a basin and beat well. Skin two sheeps' kidneys and slice them finely. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan; when hot put in one small minced onion or shallot, fry a few seconds, then put in the kidneys; toss them over the fire for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of flour, moisten with a little gravy, and keep hot. Melt another ounce of butter in the omelette pan, stir one tablespoonful of milk into the egg mixture, pour it in, and make the omelette in the usual way. When ready to fold, put the kidney in the centre, fold in, and shape; let it colour a little, turn out on to a hot dish, and pour some gravy round. Serve at once.



P. & O. S.S. "NALDERA."

28th August, 1930.

Breakfast.

Tea Coffee Cocoa
Grape Fruit Apples Bananas
Stewed Peaches & Rice
Preserved Plums with Cream
Porridge Rolled Oats
Scott's Oats
Kippered Herrings
Fish Kedgeree
Broiled Wiltshire Bacon

TO ORDER:
EGGS.
Poached Fried
OMELETS.
Plain Kidney Tomato
Grilled Cumberland Ham
Rump Steaks
POTATOES.
COLD SIDEBOARD.
York Ham Roast Mutton
Jams Marmalade Honey Golden Syrup

*THE BRITISH BREAKFAST AFLOAT*

*The menu of a breakfast served on board the P. and O. s.s. Naldera during her voyage to Australia. It has been signed by the Chief Steward*

### *Salmis de Grouse*

ROAST a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 ozs. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt some butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a few peppercorns, the chopped ham and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly browned enough add 1 oz. of flour and brown as well. Put in the joints of grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls of red currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer gently for about forty minutes. Place in an entrée dish, strain the sauce over, garnish with croûtons of fried bread, and serve with French beans à la Parisienne.

### *Croûtes aux Bananes*

STEW some bananas in syrup. Cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp, spread them with apricot jam and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a compôte dish and cover with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla.

FOOTBALL HOCKEY
from 25/-
Made in five distinct types for
ASSOCIATION and RUGBY

COTTON-OXFORD
SPORTS FOOTWEAR

FROM SPORTS OUTFITTERS STORES & CLUB PROFESSIONALS
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND NAME OF LOCAL AGENT FROM
COTTON-OXFORD SHOEMAKERS · LEICESTER

GOLF & SHOOTING
FLEXIBLE AND ANKLE SUPPORTING
FOR LADIES 35/- FOR MEN 42/-
IN FOUR FITTINGS

LET THE "GREAT EIGHT" HELP YOU WHEN YOU GO TO PARIS AND BERLIN

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Élysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

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KINMEL SCHOOL
THE NEW ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Opened in September 1929—available for boys from 13. For Commerce and Engineering, where vocational training is combined with the best Public School tradition.

Chairman of the Governors—LORD TEYNHAM. Headmaster: Mr. E. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc.

The boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 rooms, 400 feet above sea-level, in its park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains and the lovely Clwyd Valley. Bracing Climate. *Every modern convenience has been installed*, including Hot and Cold shower baths; all Cooking and Lighting by Electricity. Central heating in all dormitories. The dietary is ample and includes fruit, which makes the usual tuck-boxes unnecessary. Boxing, Rugby Football, Hockey Cricket, etc. Model Office for business instruction. Engineering shop for experimental work.

**Fees: 150 Guineas per annum (inclusive)**

with reduced terms when necessary for the sons of Ex-Officers and the Clergy.

*For particulars and prospectus apply to:*

THE HEADMASTER, Kinmel School, Denbighshire.

TRIUMPH
Super Seven

1931 Models embody new lines of beauty, greater comfort, finger-tip control, distinctive new wings, exceedingly neat inset spare wheel. Safety glass throughout. Models from £162 10s. 0d. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop Tyres standard.

NOW —*more than ever before—Triumph is the finest small car in the world.*

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1. (1st Floor).

# BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

A man who appreciates the subtle difference between Castillon and "brandy" knows that this is a worthy Cognac with the body and bouquet of a product of the Cognac district.

Buy Castillon in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores.

CASTILLON
COGNAC

*Willing* C.C 36



# OBESITY

**THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS**

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER BOX 89.



RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX
(REG TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

**For Summer Colds**

A cold in the summer time is intensely disagreeable, and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult—unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the germ-killing vapour.

*All Chemists* 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V.20.

# EVERY ONE A "CONTACT"

Every individual in a crowd is in contact with others. Contact means exposure to infection . . . You never know . . . But you *can* guard against infection by using Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It protects the skin against germs, and promotes a feeling of fitness and freshness.

# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

**GUARDS AGAINST INFECTION**

*6d. per tablet*

*Streets 149*



WHEN REPLYING

to advertisements please mention

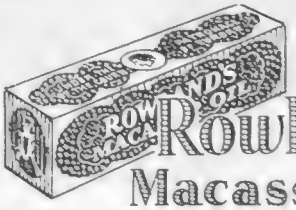
THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.



# Grey hair

is frequently due to under-nourishment of the roots consequent on an insufficiency of the natural oil. A little Rowland's Macassar Oil rubbed into the scalp every day will frequently restore the colour. If used regularly as a dressing it will long delay the appearance of greyness.




*Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Use golden for fair or grey hair.*

Rowland's Macassar Oil

J.H.&Co. RM33

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

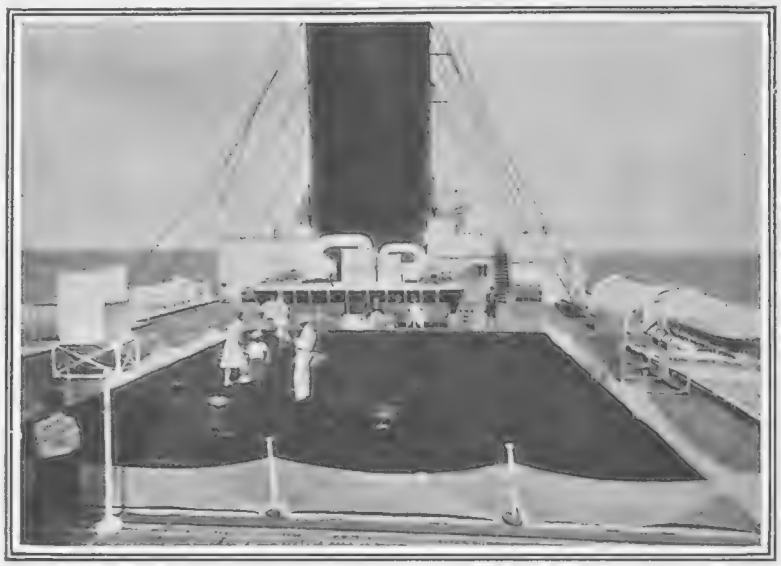
# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### *Good News for Housewives*

Housewives will be gratified to hear that on September 15th the price of Cadbury's Bourneville Cocoa will be reduced to 6d. per ¼ lb. tin, although the high quality is still maintained. At the same time the range of Free Gifts is greatly extended so that Bourneville Cocoa coupons now command a large variety of valuable presents. There are many useful household articles to be obtained for a surprisingly small number of coupons. A handy pair of Scissors, for instance, requires only 10, and a genuine Thermos Vacuum Flask, 28. The range of ladies' presents includes Silk Stockings (and Art Silk Stockings for only 22 coupons), Jewellery, and Toilet Gifts. There is also a well varied list of toys for children, in addition to many handsome presents, such as Cameras, Fountain Pens, Clocks, etc.

### *For "My Lady"*

It is a careful attention to detail that completes a really smart appearance in a woman, and nothing is more important in this respect than the bag which she is carrying when out of doors. However, she need have no fear of not looking smart if she is carrying an "Ophir" Underarm bag. These attractive bags, which are constructed in all the latest fashionable shades in finest-grade Morocco, are lined in art silk and have a strong frame with a divided centre division half lined kid. They are fitted with a large captive mirror, and the flap is decorated with a new corded ornament and an expanding handle at the top. These "Shillacraft" bags, which are obtainable at all the leading West End and Provincial houses, represent remarkably good value at the price, which is the very moderate one of one guinea.



*The first miniature golf course to be installed on a liner is the one seen above on the sun-deck of the s.s. Ile de France. It is a nine-hole course measuring 40 ft. by 50 ft.*

### *A New Boys' School*

Kinmel School, which opened a year ago, is one of our newest and most successful Public Schools. The boys are housed in a most attractive modern mansion of more than 100 rooms which stands 400 feet above sea level in its own park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains, and the lovely Clwyd Valley. Among many other interesting innovations are included a model office for business instruction, and an engineering shop for experimental work, whilst all the dormitories are fitted with central heating apparatus. The inclusive fees are 150 guineas per annum, with reduced terms when necessary for the sons of ex-officers and the clergy. Full particulars and a prospectus may be obtained from the Headmaster, Mr. R. A. Gordon Cane, B.Sc., at Kinmel School, Denbighshire.

### *The Southern Railway and the Golfer*

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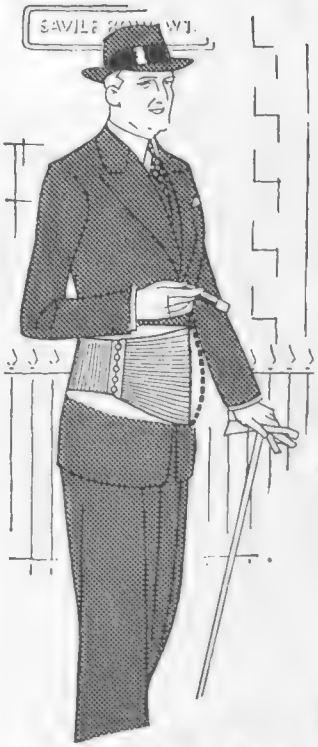

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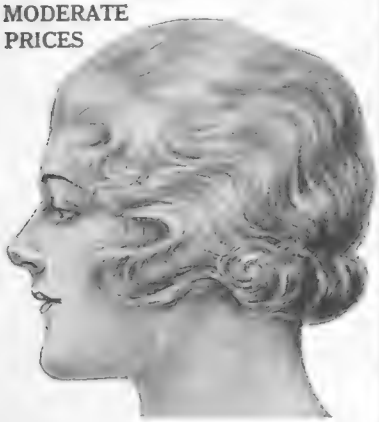

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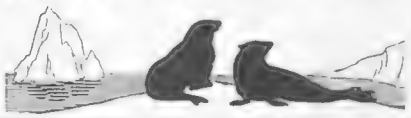

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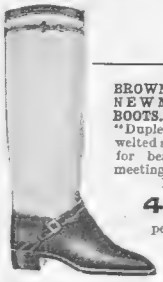

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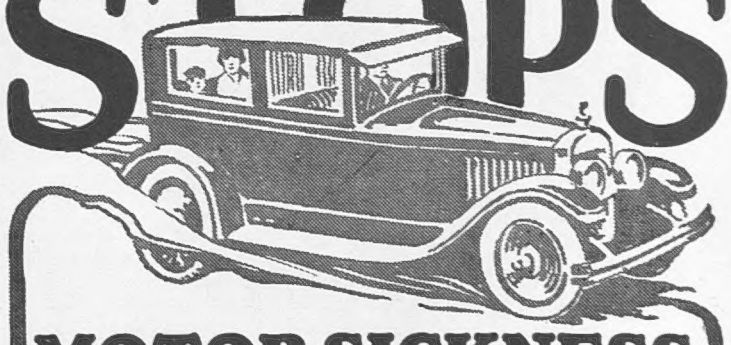

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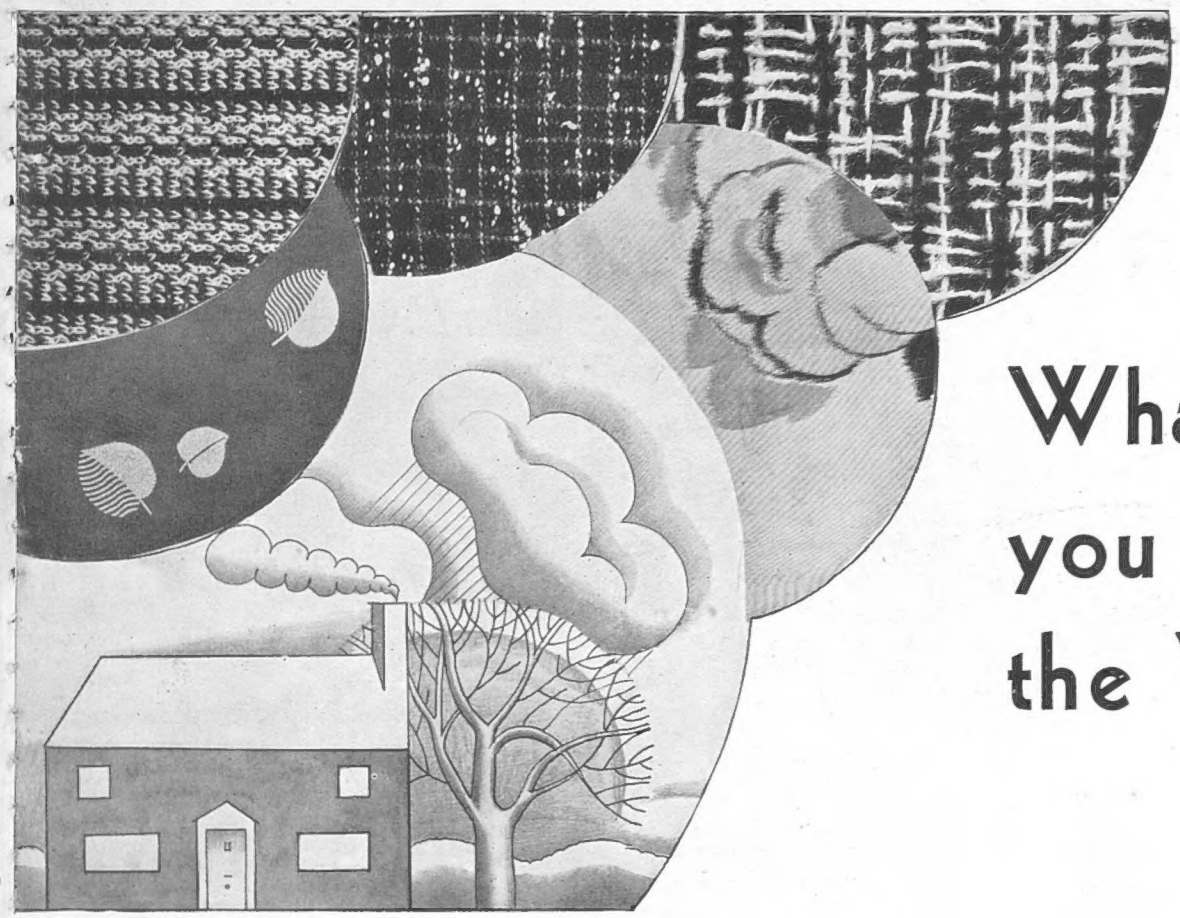
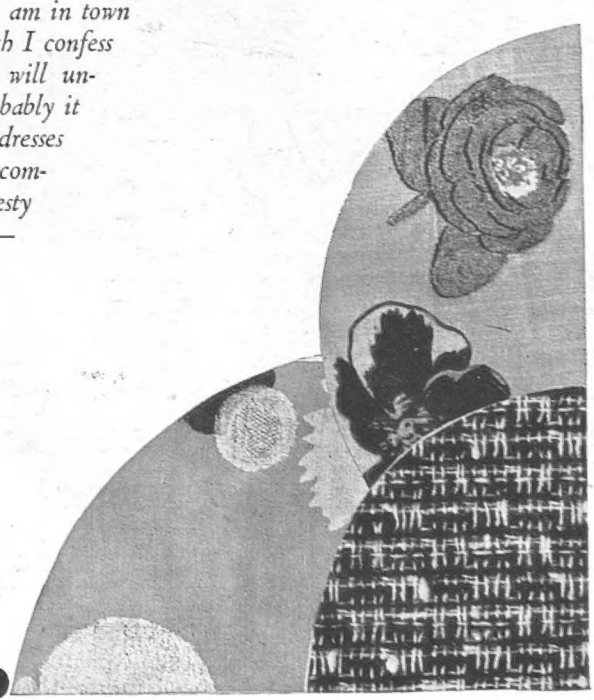


# What MUST you wear for the WINTER ?

## If you were reading BRITANNIA and EVE you'd know

*"You may still be on your holidays, but I am not. You are probably still bathing, golfing and walking aimlessly on moors or cliffs, but I am in town and have already seen 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' (although I confess that I had to journey as far as Malvern to see them !). But you will undoubtedly visit them in their London home as soon as you return. Probably it is warm, and the sun is shining and you are wearing those sleeveless dresses which belie all the hard things said about our retrograde fashions, or those comfortable shorts which refute the still harder remarks made about the mock modesty of our race. But I can tell you what you will be wearing at Christmas time—and, believe me, you will look charming—for by special permission I have been allowed to see the collections of the big dressmakers in Paris.*

*By the time these words are in print I shall know the secrets of next season, but the special facilities granted to me as representative of BRITANNIA AND EVE are permitted only on the understanding that no word of what is seen shall appear before a certain date. The September issue contains all I know —you really must get it . . . ."*



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